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No. 1

the GHOST RIDER

10¢





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THIS IS THE TALE OF THE GHOST RIDER—

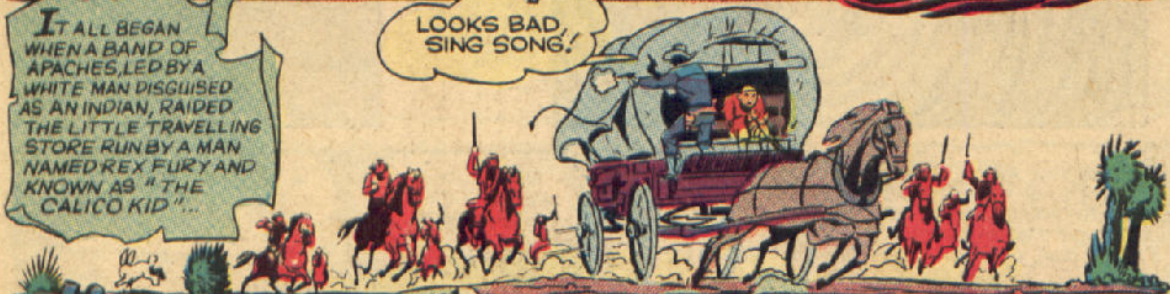
A MAN BORN TO THE WEST! A MAN WHO HATES EVIL AND THE DEATHS AND ROBBERIES AND LOOTINGS THAT THE BANDITS AND OUTLAWS OF THE OLD WEST LEFT IN THEIR RUTHLESS PATH! A MAN TRAINED BY THE GHOSTLY HANDS OF THE MEN WHO MADE THE WEST SAFE, AND WHO GAVE THEIR OWN LIVES THAT OTHER MEN MIGHT LIVE!

WILD BILL HICKOK...
PAT GARRETT WHO KILLED BILLY THE KID... CALAMITY JANE... KIT CARSON, WHO KNEW THE INDIANS AND THEIR WAYS...

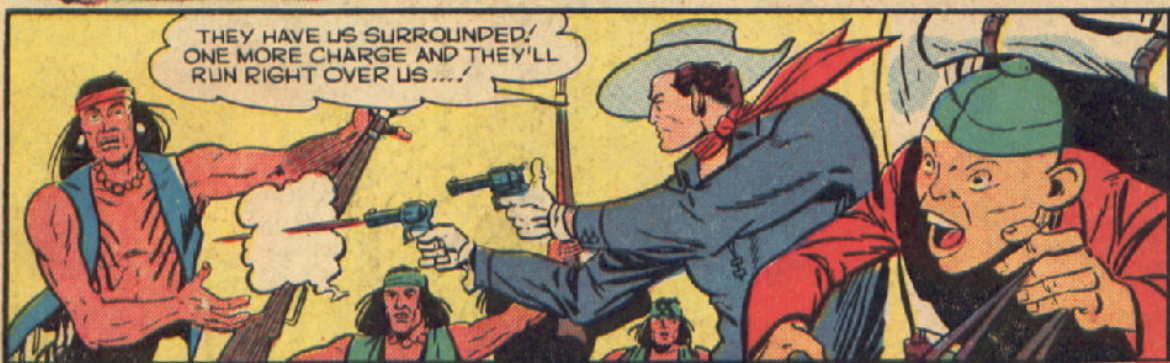
THIS, THEN, IS THE STORY OF HOW THE GHOST RIDER WAS BORN AND GREW, UNTIL THE LEGENDS OF HIM IN THE NIGHTS AROUND THE LONELY CAMP-FIRES SWEEPED LIKE A COLD BREEZE DOWN THE SPINES OF THOSE WHO FEARED THE LAW...

IT ALL BEGAN WHEN A BAND OF APACHES, LED BY A WHITE MAN DISGUISED AS AN INDIAN, RAIDED THE LITTLE TRAVELLING STORE RUN BY A MAN NAMED REX FURY AND KNOWN AS "THE CALICO KID"...

LOOKS BAD, SING SONG!



THEY HAVE US SURROUNDED! ONE MORE CHARGE AND THEY'LL RUN RIGHT OVER US....!



THE GHOST RIDER

ALTHOUGH REX FURY FOUGHT LIKE A MAN DEMENTED, THE APACHES PROVED TOO MUCH FOR HIM ...



YOU! BART LASHER! A WHITE MAN — A RENEGADE KILLER!

YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, FURY! ESPECIALLY FOR A U.S. MARSHAL!

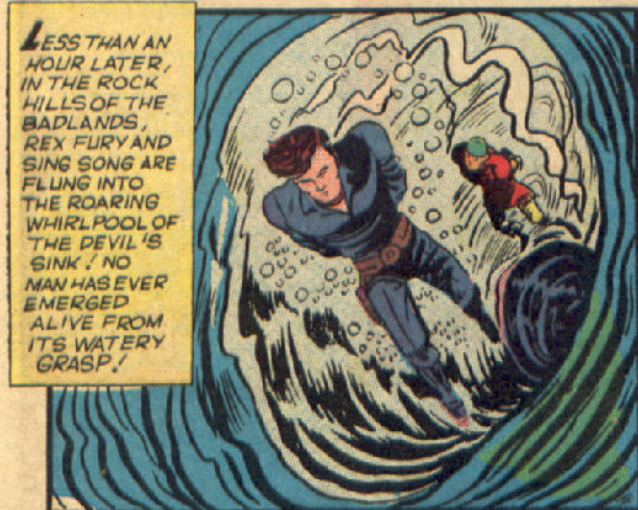


TAKE THIS HOMBRE TO THE DEVIL'S SINK!

OH!!



LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, IN THE ROCK HILLS OF THE BADLANDS, REX FURY AND SING SONG ARE FLUNG INTO THE ROARING WHIRLPOOL OF THE DEVIL'S SINK. NO MAN HAS EVER EMERGED ALIVE FROM ITS WATERY GRASP!

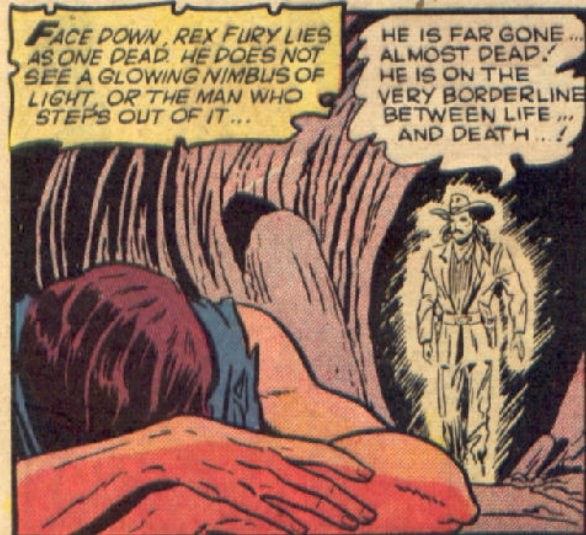


DEEPER AND DEEPER IN THE VORACIOUS WATERS SPIN THE TWO MEN... DRAGGED ALONG BY THE MAD CURRENT... BATTERED ON ROCKS... LUNGS BURSTING FOR AIR... UNTIL SUDDENLY THE WATERS RELEASE THEIR GREEDY GRIP...

GOT TO... REACH THAT ROCK LEDGE... REST... REST AND AIR... FOR MY LUNGS...



FACE DOWN, REX FURY LIES AS ONE DEAD. HE DOES NOT SEE A GLOWING NIMBUS OF LIGHT, OR THE MAN WHO STEPS OUT OF IT...



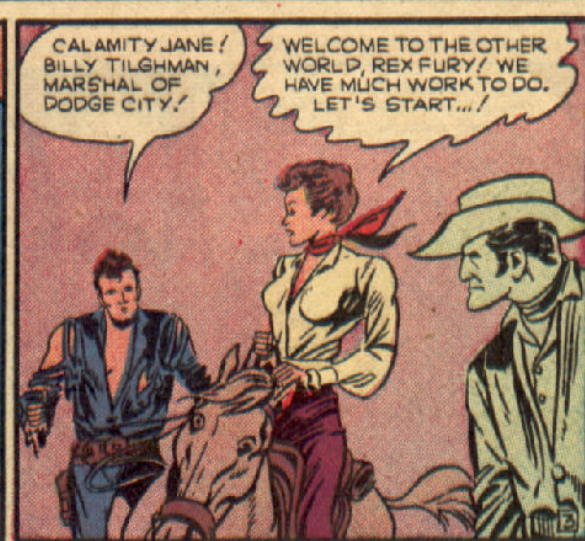
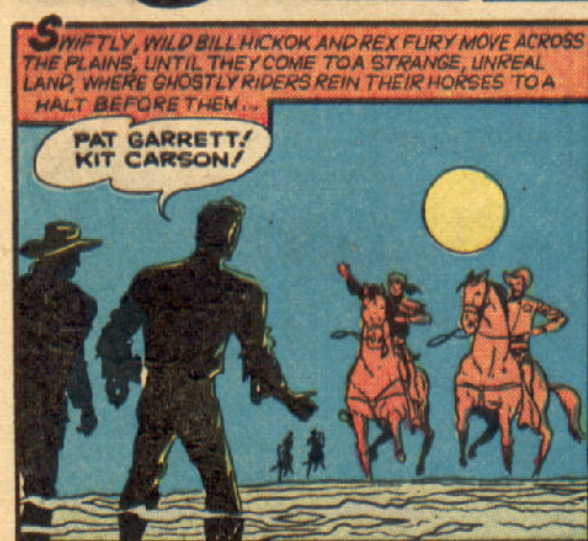
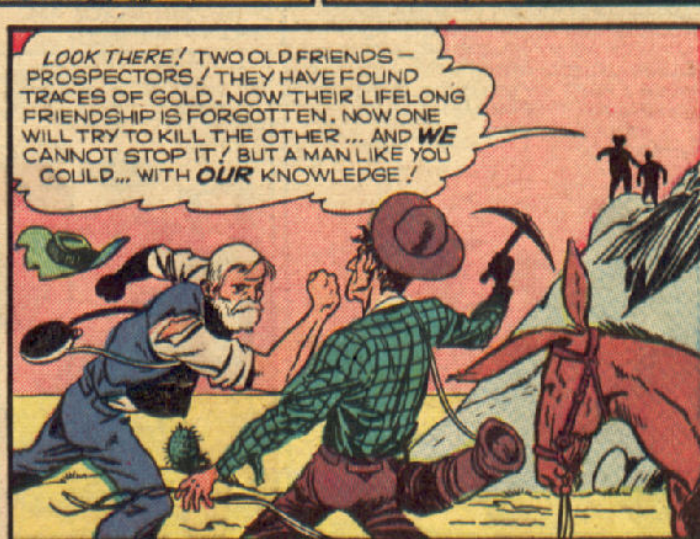
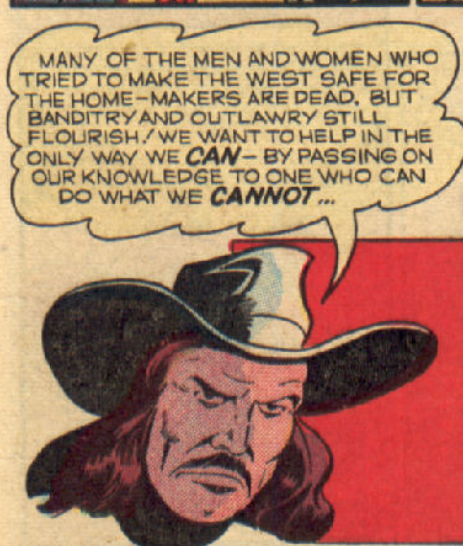
HE IS FAR GONE... ALMOST DEAD! HE IS ON THE VERY BORDERLINE BETWEEN LIFE... AND DEATH...!

REX FURY! AWAKE! OPEN YOUR EYES...



HUH? WHAT...? SAY... I KNOW YOU. YOU'RE WILD BILL HICKOK! BUT — YOU'RE DEAD! DEAD!

THE GHOST RIDER

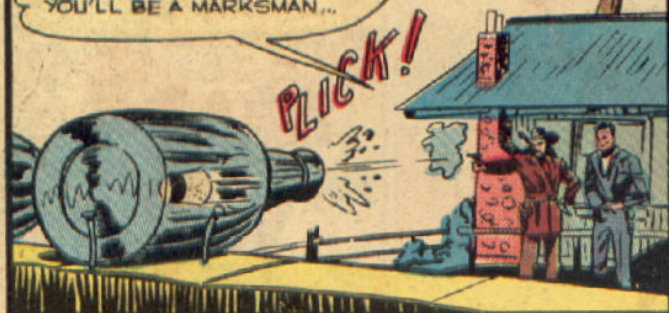


THE GHOST RIDER

THE FIRST LESSON—WITH SIXGUNS—IS TAUGHT BY A MASTER OF THE TRADE—WILD BILL HICKOK.

WHEN YOU CAN DRIVE THE CORK INTO A BOTTLE AT FIFTY PACES, YOU'LL BE GOOD, REX—YOU'LL BE A MARKSMAN...

PLICK!



PRACTICE! CONSTANT PRACTICE! ALWAYS KEEP AT IT, AND YOU'LL NEVER MISS! ... THAT'S IT ... A FIRM GRIP ... EYES FIXED ON YOUR TARGET! A GENTLE RELEASE OF THE HAMMER ... WRISTS SET FOR THE RECOIL ...



FOR SPEED OF DRAW—BILLY TILGHMAN!

I STOOD IN FRONT OF A BIG MIRROR HOUR AFTER HOUR! I WATCHED MYSELF AS MY HANDS DREW OUT MY GUNS ... CUT OUT EVERY UNNECESSARY MOVE! KEPT MY EYES COLD ... NEVER REVEALING THE MOMENT WHEN I WOULD GO FOR MY COLTS ...



HOUR BY HOUR, REX FURY'S HANDS GATHER THE MAGICAL SPEED AND ACCURACY OF THE GUNHANDS OF WILD BILL HICKOK AND BILLY TILGHMAN ...



HE'LL DO!

BETTER THAN ANY MAN ALIVE!

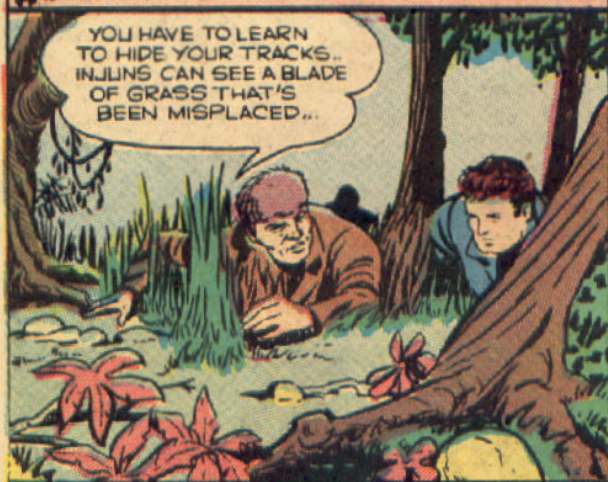
RIDING THE PRAIRIE WITH CALAMITY JANE ... LEARNING THE FINER POINTS OF RIFLE FIRE ...

KEEP YOUR MUZZLE STEADY... WATCH THE SHADOWS MOVE ALONG YOUR BARREL WHEN YOU HAVE NO TIME TO LINE UP YOUR SIGHTS ...

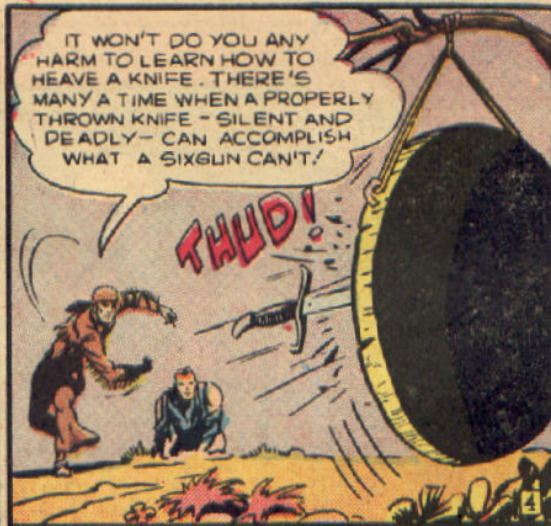


AND THEN KIT CARSON TAKES REX FURY UNDER HIS WING

YOU HAVE TO LEARN TO HIDE YOUR TRACKS... INJUNS CAN SEE A BLADE OF GRASS THAT'S BEEN MISPLACED...



IT WON'T DO YOU ANY HARM TO LEARN HOW TO HEAVE A KNIFE. THERE'S MANY A TIME WHEN A PROPERLY THROWN KNIFE—SILENT AND DEADLY—CAN ACCOMPLISH WHAT A SIXGUN CAN'T!



THUD!

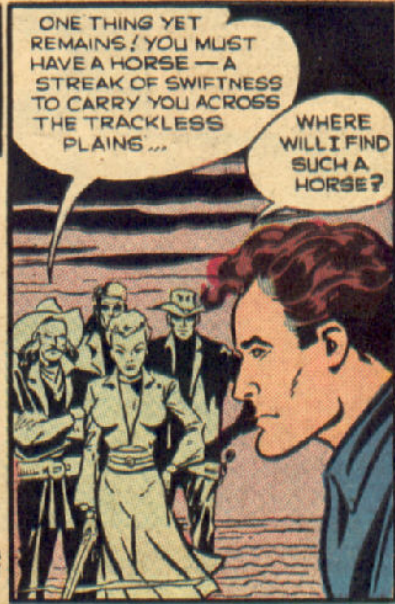
THE GHOST RIDER



DON'T LAUGH AT AN INDIAN BOW AND ARROW, EITHER. THEY MAKE MIGHTY FINE WEAPONS. I'VE SEEN INJUN BUCKS DRIVE AN ARROW PLUMB THROUGH A BUFFALO!

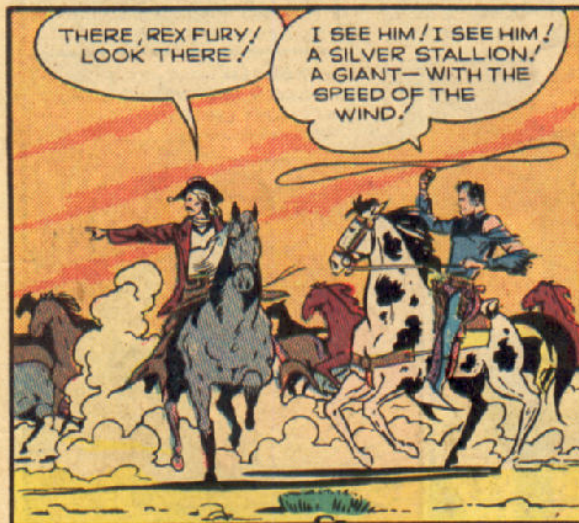


SWIFTLY THE SKILL OF A MOUNTAIN MAN CAME TO REX FURY. SOON HE COULD RISE FROM A MOTIONLESS BRUSH, TOMAHAWK FLASHING AS HIS PRACTICED HAND THREW IT WITH DEADLY ACCURACY...



ONE THING YET REMAINS! YOU MUST HAVE A HORSE — A STREAK OF SWIFTNESS TO CARRY YOU ACROSS THE TRACKLESS PLAINS...

WHERE WILL I FIND SUCH A HORSE?



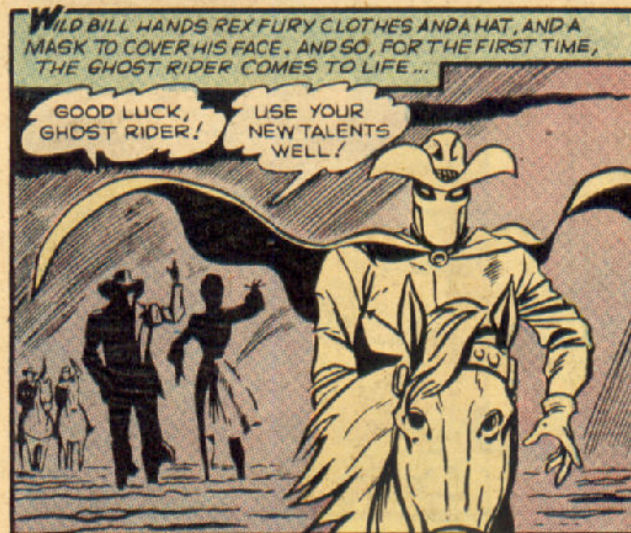
THERE, REX FURY! LOOK THERE!

I SEE HIM! I SEE HIM! A SILVER STALLION, A GIANT — WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND.



FOR ENDLESS DAYS, IT SEEMS TO REX FURY, HE RIDES HORSE AFTER HORSE TO EXHAUSTED STAGGERS UNDER HIM, TRYING TO OVERTAKE THAT MIGHTY STALLION. AND THEN ONE DAY, WITH A LUCKY TOSS...

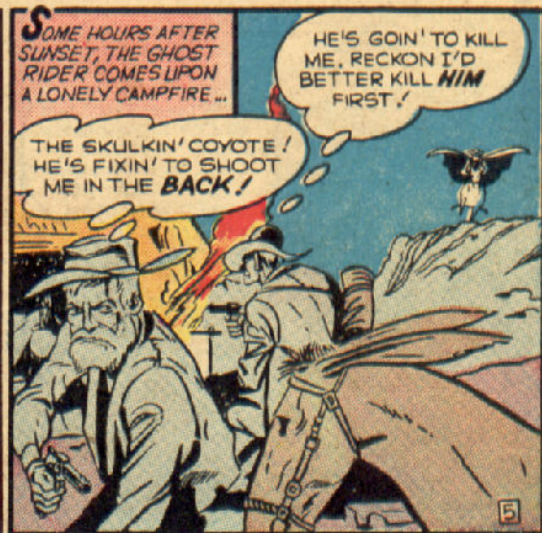
I CAN NEVER CATCH HIM... NEVER! AND YET... I MUST! MY ROPE... FALLING AROUND HIS NECK! **I'VE GOT HIM!**



WILD BILL HANDS REX FURY CLOTHES AND A HAT, AND A MASK TO COVER HIS FACE. AND SO, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE GHOST RIDER COMES TO LIFE...

GOOD LUCK, GHOST RIDER!

USE YOUR NEW TALENTS WELL!

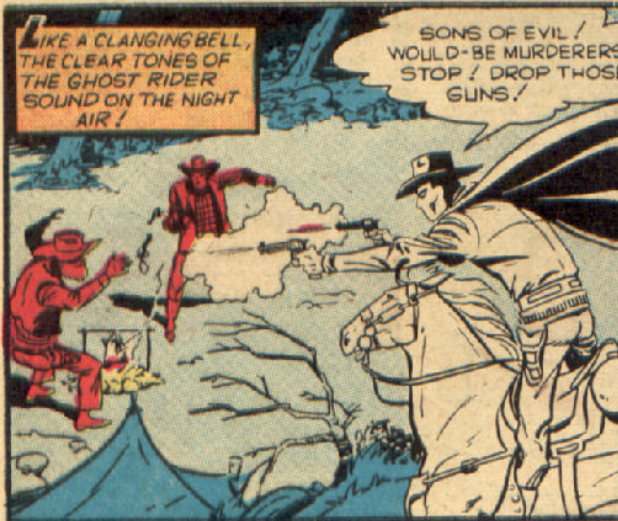


SOME HOURS AFTER SUNSET, THE GHOST RIDER COMES UPON A LONELY CAMPFIRE...

THE SKULKIN' COYOTE! HE'S FIXIN' TO SHOOT ME IN THE **BACK!**

HE'S GOIN' TO KILL ME, RECKON I'D BETTER KILL **HIM** FIRST!

THE GHOST RIDER



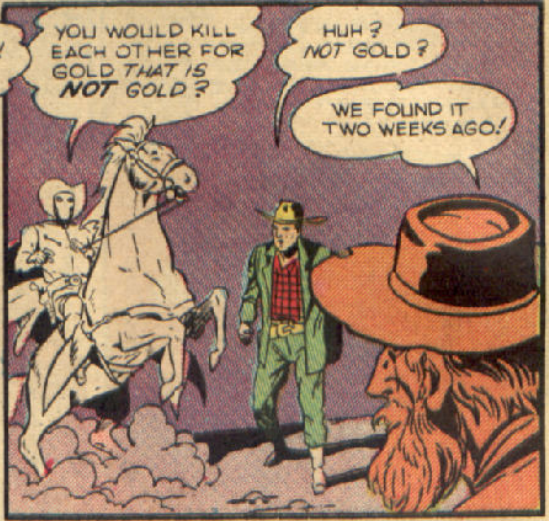
LIKE A CLANGING BELL, THE CLEAR TONES OF THE GHOST RIDER SOUND ON THE NIGHT AIR!

SONS OF EVIL! WOULD-BE MURDERERS! STOP! DROP THOSE GUNS!

YOU WOULD KILL EACH OTHER FOR GOLD THAT IS **NOT** GOLD?

HUH? NOT GOLD?

WE FOUND IT TWO WEEKS AGO!



LOOK THERE! YOUR GOLD IN THE EMBERS OF YOUR CAMPFIRE! IT TURNS **BLACK**! IT IS NOT GOLD—BUT **IRON PYRITES!**

THUNDERATION! IRON PYRITES! THAT'S **FOOL'S GOLD!**

THAT'S **US**, ED—A COUPLE OF FOOLS!

FORGIVE ME, PETE! I WAS A SUSPICIOUS OLD IDJIT!

YOU FORGIVE ME, TOO, ED! I RECKON WE'VE DONE LEARNED OUR LESSON!

NOW TO RETURN TO THE CAVE—AND SING SONG!

AND, A LITTLE LATER, WITH DAZED SENSES AND WHIRLING BRAIN, REX FURY FINDS HIMSELF STAGGERING UP OUT OF A DEEP SLUMBER...

DID I DREAM ALL THAT? OR DID IT REALLY HAPPEN? I MUST KNOW! I MUST LEARN THE ANSWER...



FOLLOWING THE SECRET PATH BESIDE THE UNDERGROUND RIVER WHICH HE LEARNED FROM WILD BILL HICKOK, REX FURY SOON FINDS HIMSELF OUTSIDE THE CAVE... WHERE A GREAT STALLION SEEMS TO BE WAITING FOR HIM...

SPECTRE! ALIVE! YOU'RE NO DREAM, AT ANY RATE! AND I CAN MAKE THE COSTUME THAT THE GHOST RIDER IS TO WEAR... AND TAKE UP THE CAUSE OF LAW AGAINST THE EVIL-DOERS WHO SEEK ONLY TO KILL AND ROB...

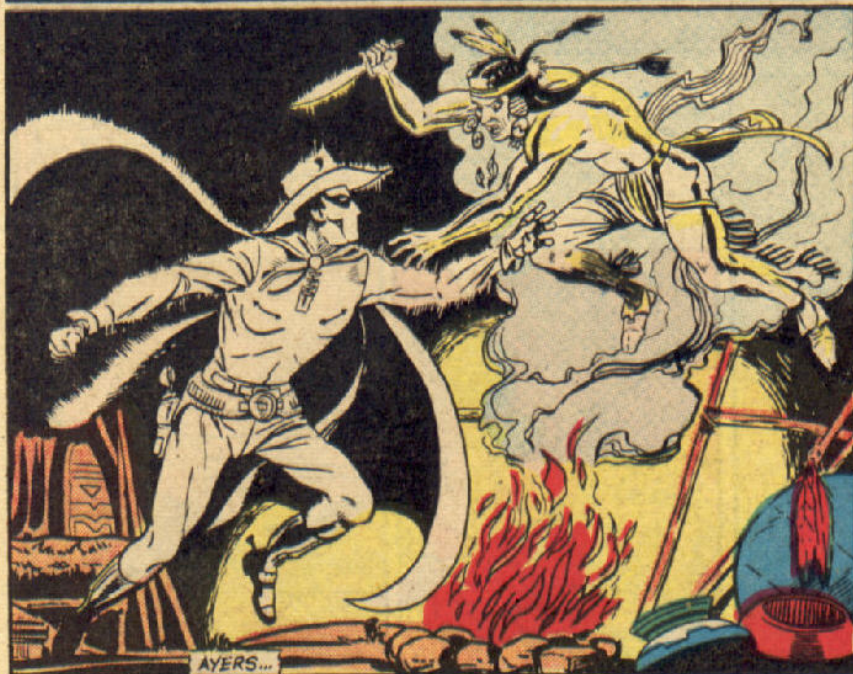
THUS CAME THE GHOST RIDER TO HAUNT THE TRAILS FROM TEXAS TO MONTANA, FROM MISSOURI TO KANSAS. HIS STATURE GREW WITH EVERY TALE OF HIM, UNTIL EVEN HARDENED CRIMINALS SHOOK WHEN RUMOR SAID HE WAS RIDING THE MIDNIGHT WINDS...



FASTER, SPECTRE, FASTER! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE TONIGHT, BEFORE THE SUN COMES UP....!

THE GHOST RIDER

the GHOST RIDER



AYERS...



UP FROM THE REDMAN'S NETHER WORLD OF NA'AKA DAYA CAME THE WRAITH OF WAKONDA — SPIRIT WARRIOR OF ALL THE TRIBES, AND AT HIS SUMMONS, THE OSAGE AND KIOWA, CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHO DAUBED ON THEIR WAR-PAINT AND RODE TO KILL THE WHITES — FOR ONLY THE EERIE FIGURE OF THE GHOST RIDER HIMSELF COULD FACE THE STRANGE, GLOWING FORM OF...

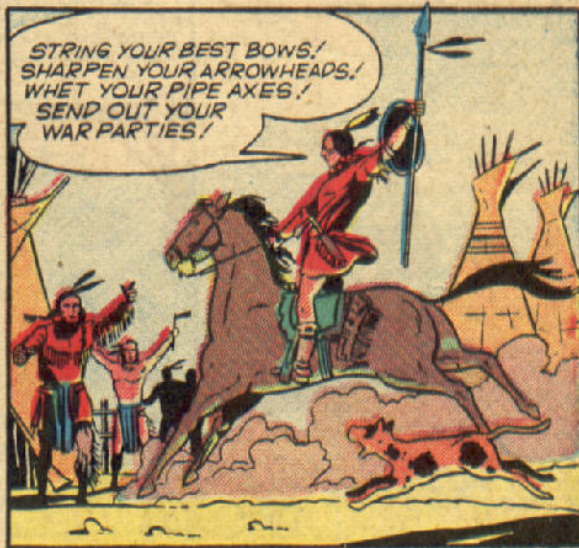
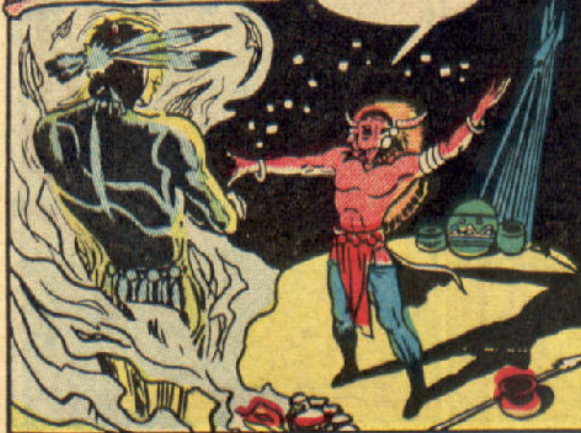
**THE
FIRE
GHOST!**

DEEP IN THE HEART OF SANGRE DE CRISTO MOUNTAINS, MEDICINE MAN MANY FEATHERS SPEAKS WITH THE THING HE HAS CALLED UP FROM BEYOND...

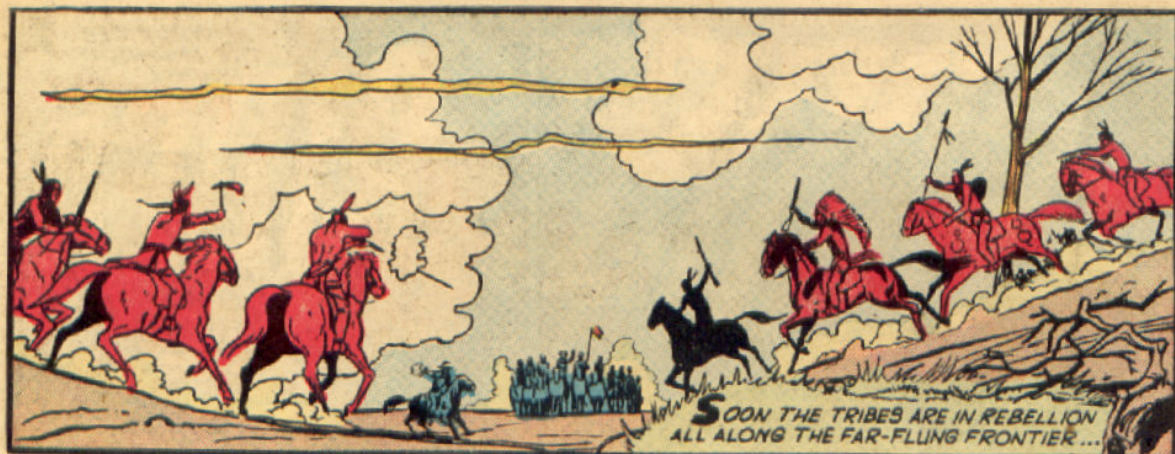
SPEAK TO YOUR PEOPLE, SPIRIT OF THE DEAD! TELL THEM OF OUR PAST GLORIES! SUMMON THEM TO COUNCIL FIRE AND WARPATH!

WORD SPREADS SOUTH TO THE KIOWAS, NORTH TO THE CHEYENNES, A SPIRIT-GOD HAS RISEN!

STRING YOUR BEST BOWS! SHARPEN YOUR ARROWHEADS! WHET YOUR PIPE AXES! SEND OUT YOUR WAR PARTIES!



THE GHOST RIDER



SOON THE TRIBES ARE IN REBELLION
ALL ALONG THE FAR-FLUNG FRONTIER...

THE CAPTAIN'S DOWN!
OFF SADDLE! FORM A
RING! DISMOUNT!

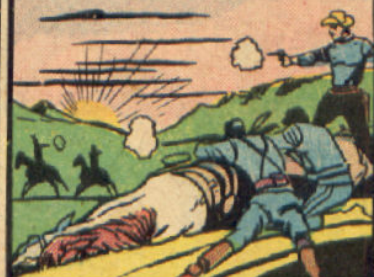


THEY'VE GOT
US IN A RING,
CORPORAL!
WE'LL NEVER
GET OUT OF
THIS ALIVE!

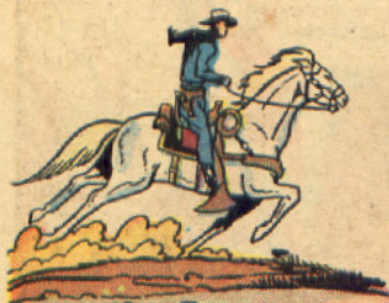
WE CAN TRY,
SIR... IT'S
GETTING ON
TOWARD
DUSK
INJUNS RARELY
FIGHT AT
NIGHT!



THESE REDSKINS DON'T
FIGHT BY THE BOOK - NOT
WITH THAT GHOST INJUN
ROUSIN' 'EM UP! THEY'LL
WASH OVER US LIKE A
WAVE OVER A ROCK -
DAY OR NIGHT!



GUNFIRE TO THE EAST!
SPENCER ARMY CARBINES—
AND THE OSAGE AND
KIOWA WARCRY!



UP FROM THE SOUTH GALLOPS
A WHITE STALLION, AND STANDING
IN THE STIRRUPS— REX FURY...!

AN ARMY DETAIL—
SURROUNDED, OUT-NUMBERED!
THOSE REDSKINS WILL RIDE
RIGHT OVER THEIR DEAD
BODIES IN ANOTHER
TEN MINUTES!

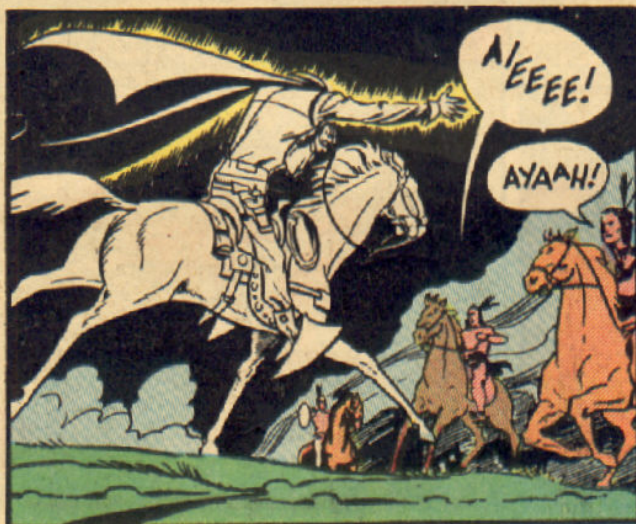


SECONDS LATER, AS THE LAST
RAYS OF THE SUNSET DISAPPEAR
FROM THE SAGELANDS— REX FURY
IS TRANSFORMED...



NOW
THAT IT'S DARK—
THE GHOST RIDER
WILL TAKE A
HAND IN THE
ACTION...

THE GHOST RIDER



A'EEEE!

AYAAH!



THE GHOST RIDER!

HE WHO RIDES THE MIDNIGHT WINDS! WAUGHNN!



THEY'RE SCATTERING, SIR! BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. THAT GHOST INJUN WHO HAS ROUSED THEIR TRIBES IS HELPING US FOR A CHANGE!

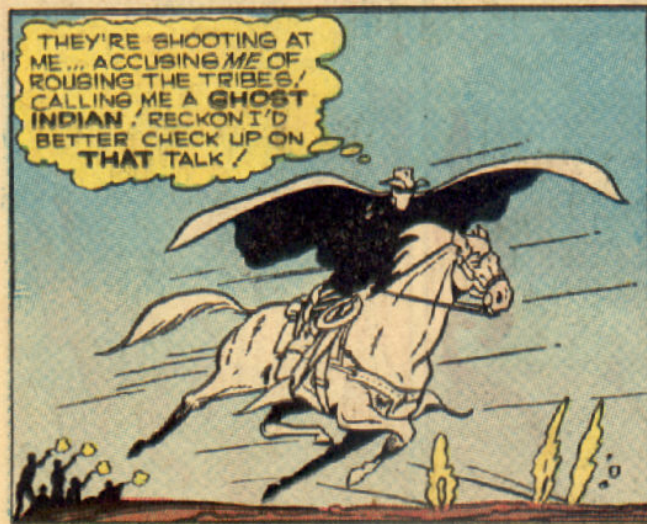
JUST A TRICK, CORPORAL!

HE'S THE ONE WHO'S BEEN CAUSING ALL THE TROUBLE! HE RIDES WITH THEM, EGGING THEM ON! WITH HIM ON THEIR SIDE, THEY THINK THEY CAN'T BE BEATEN!

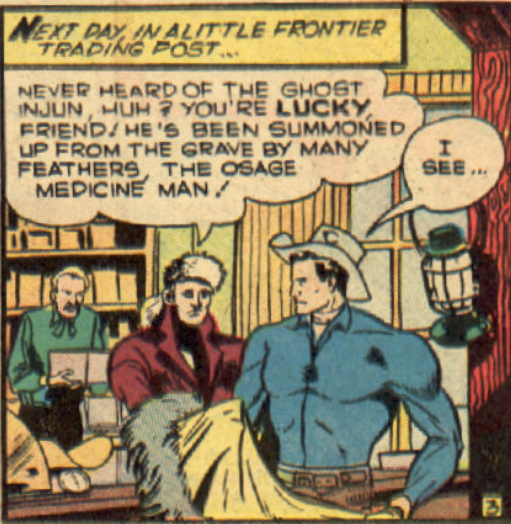


GHOST OR NOT, HE DIES! BRING HIM DOWN, MEN!

HE'S NO EASY TARGET, SIR! PARTS OF HIM KEEP APPEARING AND DISAPPEARING!



THEY'RE SHOOTING AT ME... ACCUSING ME OF ROUSING THE TRIBES, CALLING ME A GHOST INDIAN. RECKON I'D BETTER CHECK UP ON THAT TALK!

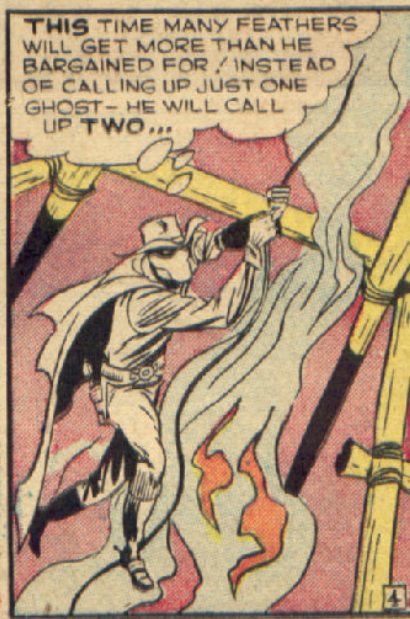
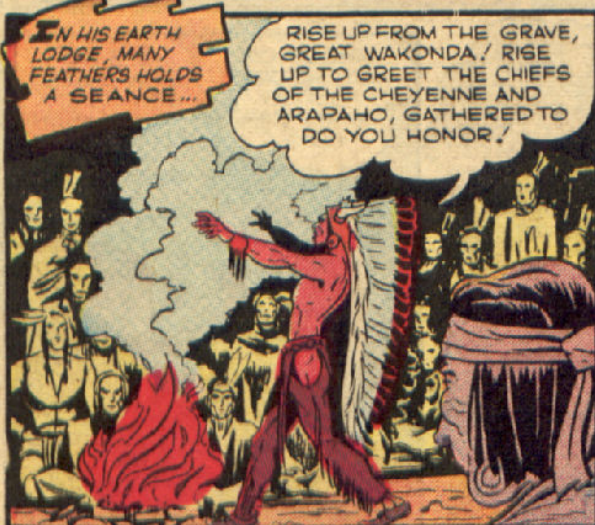
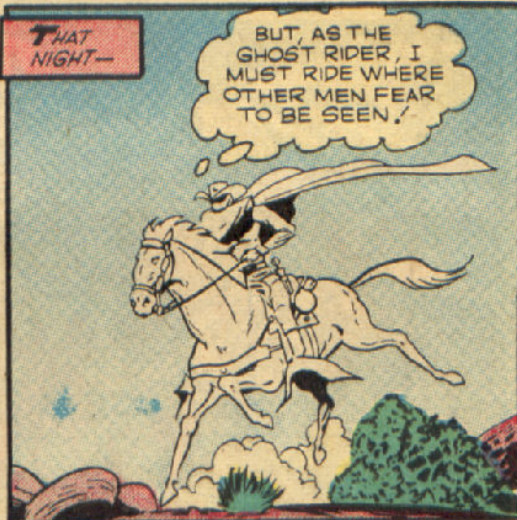
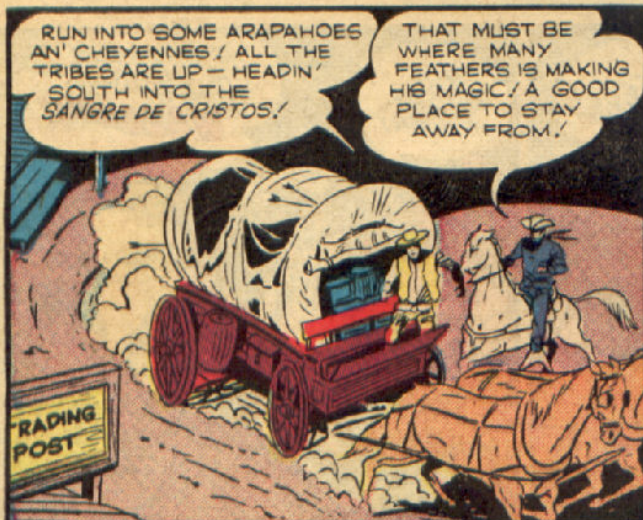


NEXT DAY IN A LITTLE FRONTIER TRADING POST...

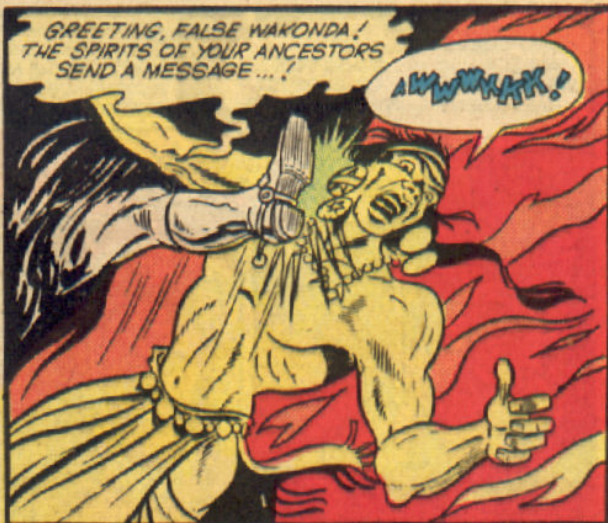
NEVER HEARD OF THE GHOST INJUN, HUH? YOU'RE LUCKY, FRIEND! HE'S BEEN SUMMONED UP FROM THE GRAVE BY MANY FEATHERS, THE OSAGE MEDICINE MAN!

I SEE...

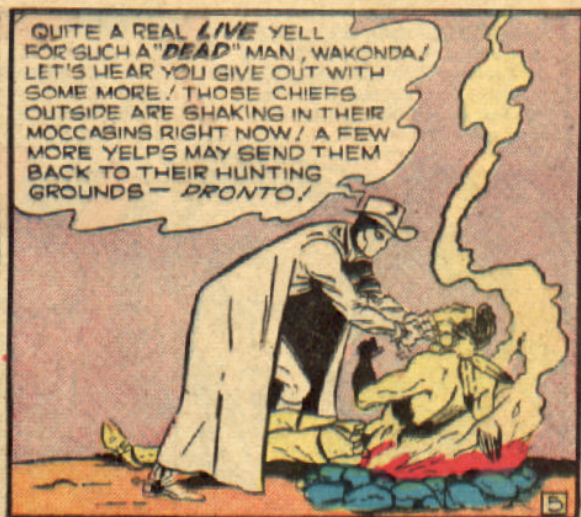
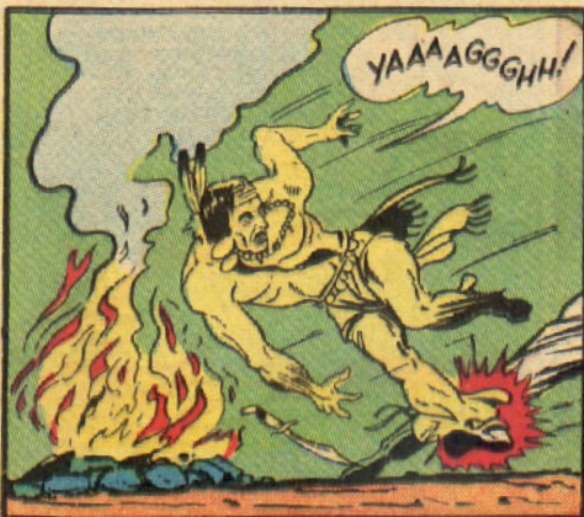
THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER



THE LAST TO LEAVE IS MANY FEATHERS— NOT BECAUSE HE IS SO BRAVE— BUT BECAUSE HE HAS FAINTED!



THE GHOST RIDER



WHE-WHERE AM I? WHA-WHAT HAPPENED?

O SUMMONER OF GHOSTS! TWO GHOSTS ARE IN THE LODGE! FIGHTING! LISTEN!



AS THE UNEARTHLY SCREAMS GROW IN VOLUME, THE SHORT HAIRS ON THE NAPES OF THE INDIANS' NECKS STANDS STRAIGHT UP IN FRIGHT!

YAAA-HI-EEE-OOOOWW!



INSIDE THE LODGE...

YOU ARE NO SPIRIT! YOUR NOSE BLEEDS FREELY! WHO ARE YOU?

I AM—HUNTING HORSE!



MANY FEATHERS PAY ME HEAP MUCH PONIES TO BE GHOST FOR HIM! HE TEACH ME HOW PUT ON GLOW-STUFF, JUMP QUICK INTO SMOKE AFTER I TAKE OFF SHIRT AND LEGGINGS...

A RAGING MANY FEATHERS, FURIOUS AT BEING THE BUTT OF THE GHOST RIDER PLANS A HIDEOUS TRAP FOR HIM...



WE WILL KILL THE BAD SPIRIT IN THE LODGE! WE WILL NOT HARM OUR WAKONDA!

BUT HOW MAY WE KILL A SPIRIT?



BY FIRE! FIRE WILL KILL ALL THINGS—EVEN SPIRITS! LIGHT ALL THE GRASS AROUND THE LODGE! THE WIND WILL BLOW IT INTO THE LODGE, AND BURN IT ALL!

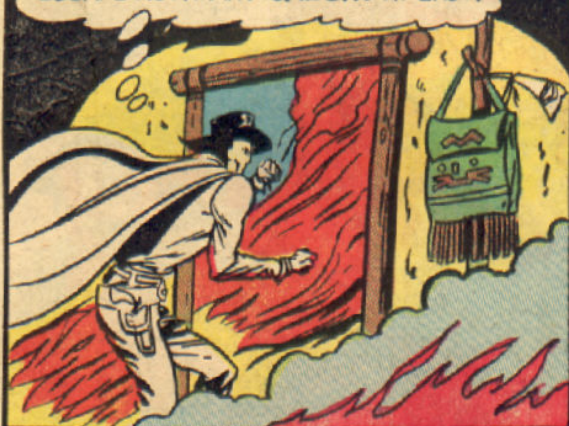
AND IF HUNTING HORSE DIES—HE CANNOT REVEAL MY TRICK!



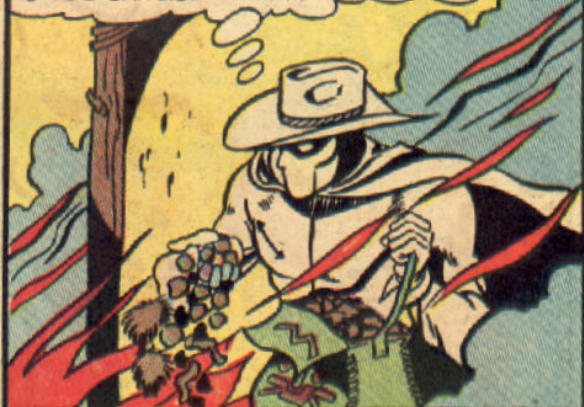
FIRE! I'M TRAPPED!—IF I TRY TO ESCAPE, THE FIRE WILL PREVENT MY CLOTHES FROM GLOWING—WILL REVEAL ME, NOT AS A GHOST... BUT AS A MAN!

THE GHOST RIDER

AND THEN THEIR WAR-ARROWS AND PIPE-AXES WILL CUT ME DOWN! NO CHANCE TO GO THROUGH AS A GHOST... NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE AS A MAN! **CAUGHT AT LAST!**



BUT **WAIT...**! IF MANY FEATHERS USED THESE WET HERBS AND MOSSES TO MAKE SMOKE FOR HIS WAKONDA, THE SAME WAY INDIANS MAKE SMOKE FOR THEIR SIGNAL FIRES... PERHAPS I TOO CAN USE THEM...

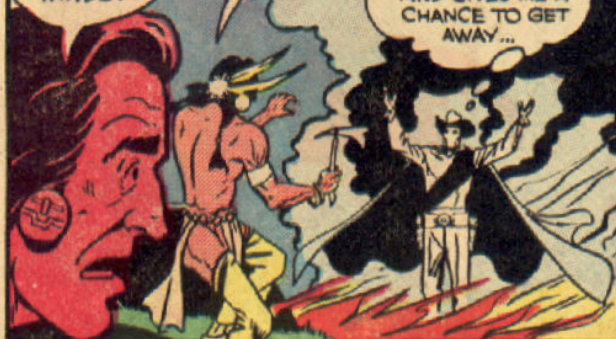


SECONDS LATER, HUGE WALLS OF BILLINGWING SMOKE RISE FROM THE BRIGHT FLAMES AND BLOW OUT ACROSS THE FLATS...

HE COMES!
THE ONE WHO
RIDES THE
MIDNIGHT
WINDS!

RIIEEYAA!
FLEE!
FLEE!

THE BLACK
SMOKE IS
PERFECT!
IT HELPS MY
APPEARANCE...
AND GIVES ME A
CHANCE TO GET
AWAY...



THE WAKONDA!
BUT—NO!

IT IS
THE OSAGE,
HUNTING
HORSE!

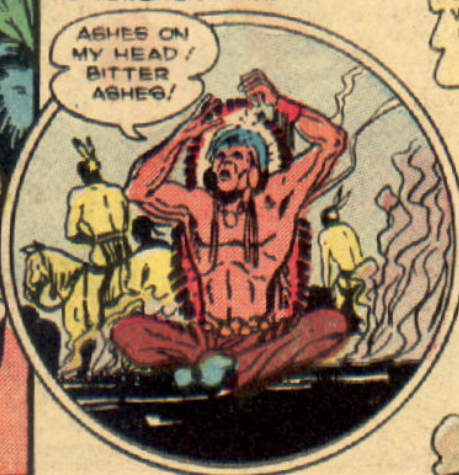
MANY
FEATHERS
HAS TRICKED
US!



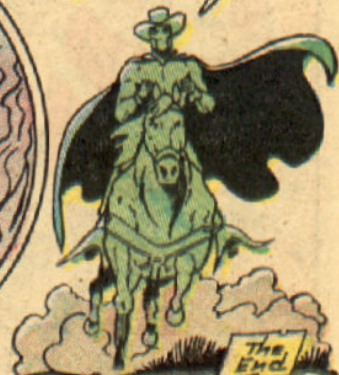
YES, FOOLISH ONES! AN OSAGE SUB-CHIEF! MANY FEATHERS IS A CHEAT AND TRICKSTER! FORSAKE HIM NOW... BEFORE I RETURN TO THE BEYOND AND TELL THE REAL WAKONDA HOW STUPID HIS CHILDREN HAVE GROWN...

GRIM AND SCOWLING, THE ANGRY CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHO AND KIOWA WARRIORS GATHER THEIR MEN AND FLEE FROM THE CAMP. BEHIND THEM, MANY FEATHERS IS A BROKEN MAN...

ASHES ON
MY HEAD!
BITTER
ASHES!



MANY FEATHERS' POWER IS ENDED! IT WILL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE ANOTHER PROPHET ARISES! AND THE TRIBES WILL BE SO ASHAMED THAT THEY WILL KEEP THE PEACE FOR A LONG WHILE TO COME...



THE GHOST RIDER

THE SAGA O' SAGEBRUSH SAM



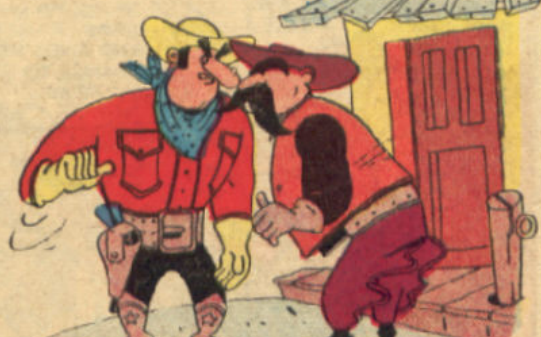
BACK IN TH' WILD AN' WOOLY WEST,
THAR LIVED ONE SAGEBRUSH SAM.
HARDER'N BONE, TOUGHER'N STONE,
HE WUZ ONE ORN'RY MAN...



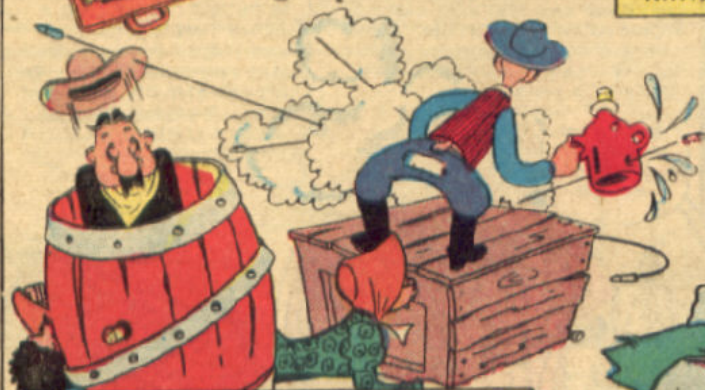
NOW SAM HE ALWUZ DID RIGHT WELL,
KILT FIFTY MEN, AT LEAST,
TILL ONE DAY, HE UP AN' MEETS
A SALESMAN FROM TH' EAST...



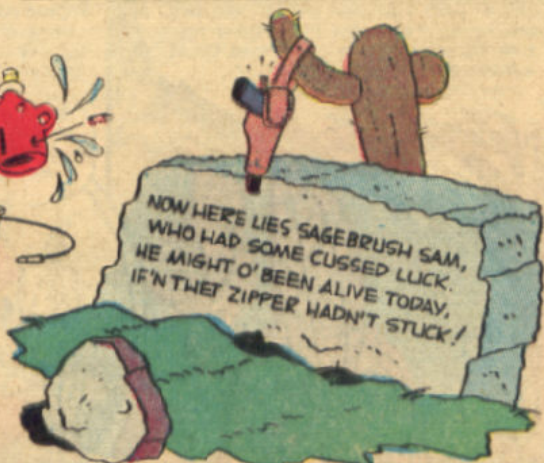
THIS CRITTER'S GELLIN' ZIPPER'S.
FIRST SAM HAD GEEN OF ONE
SO HE SEWS TH' PURN CONTRAPTION,
TO TH' HOLSTER OF HIS GUN...



THEN FIXED IN TH' LATEST FASHION
SAM STALKS DOWN INTA TOWN,
AN' FACE TO FACE HE COMES,
WITH A BAD MAN NAMED MCGOWN...



MCGOWN, HE MOVES TO GIT HIS GUN,
SAM REACHES FER HIS IRON.
THEM BULLETS START TO SAIL ABOUT,
A WHISTLIN' AND A SIGHIN'...



NOW HERE LIES SAGEBRUSH SAM,
WHO HAD SOME CUSSED LUCK.
HE MIGHT O' BEEN ALIVE TODAY,
IF'N THET ZIPPER HADN'T STUCK!

L. W. Winter

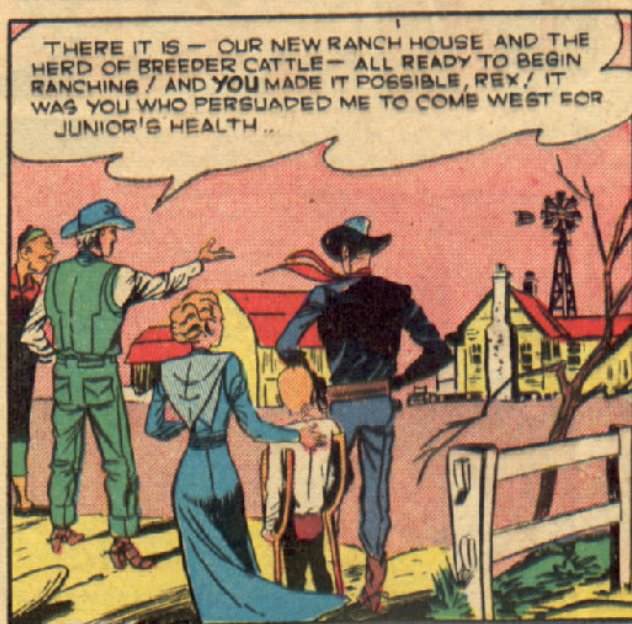
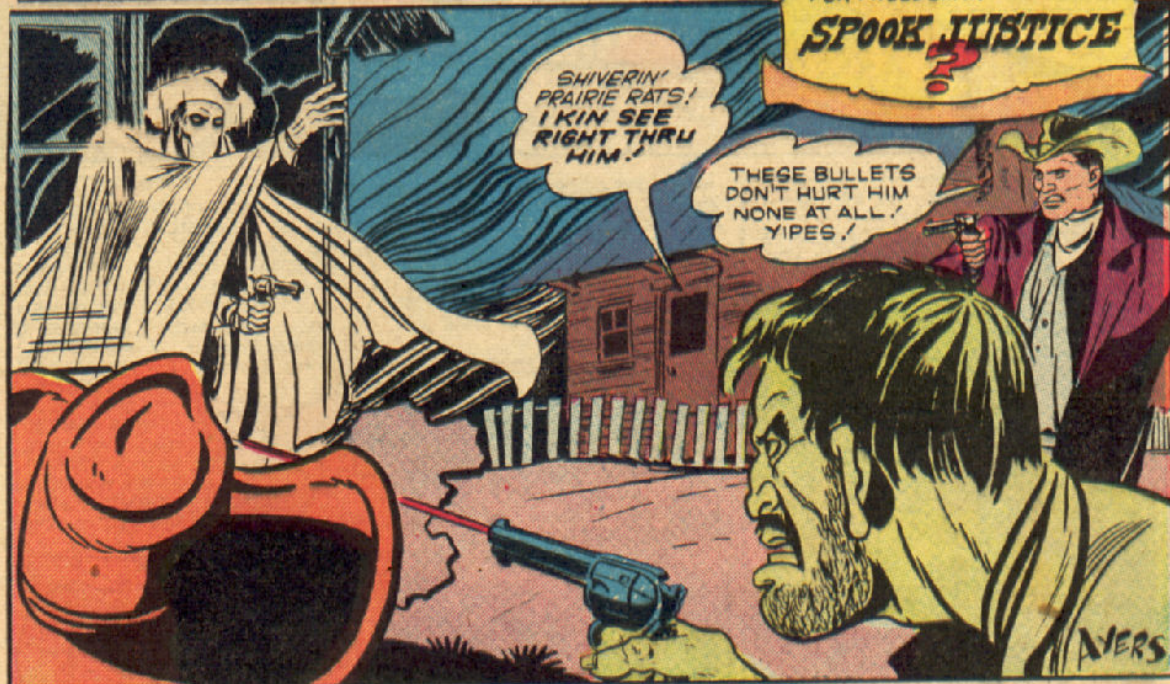
THE GHOST RIDER

the GHOST RIDER

WE KNOW THAT THE GHOST RIDER IS REALLY REX FURY, A FLESH-AND-BLOOD MAN — AND WHAT A MAN!

BUT — TO THE ENEMIES OF JUSTICE, THE GHOST RIDER APPEARS AS A GHOSTLY, FEARFUL FIGURE, SOMETIMES WITHOUT A HEAD, SOMETIMES WITHOUT A BODY, SOMETIMES **TRANSPARENT**! HOW DOES HE DO IT? WHAT IS THE SECRET METHOD WITH WHICH THE GHOST RIDER STRIKES A BLOW FOR FREEDOM IN —

SPOOK JUSTICE



THE GHOST RIDER

YES—BEGINNING
A NEW LIFE AS A
RANCHER IS
GOING TO BE A
HARD JOB FOR
REX FURY'S FRIEND
SAM HARBERG.

AND THERE ARE
CERTAIN PEOPLE
WHO WOULD LIKE
TO MAKE IT
EVEN HARDER!

RIGHT THIS
MINUTE, WATCHING
FROM A HILL
OVERLOOKING THE
HARBERG RANCH...



WAL, JEB COLE,
SPITE O' EVERYTHING
WE DONE, IT SHORE
LOOKS LIKE THET
NEWCOMER, HARBERG,
IS ALL SET UP TUH
START OPERAT'N'.

MEBBE, BUT
WE AIN'T DONE
EVERYTHING
YET!

I JEST DON'T COTTON TUH
THESE NEW RANCHERS COMIN'
IN HYAR RIVALIN' ME AN' HORNIN'
IN ON THUH GRAZIN' LAND. IT'S
DOWNRIGHT ON-HEALTHY FER
ANYBODY TUH COMPETE WITH
JEB COLE—AND AFORE I'M
THROUGH, THET DUDE SAM
HARBERG'S GOIN' TO FIND
IT OUT!



LET'S GIT, BOYS. WE'RE
COMIN' BACK TONIGHT—
SHOOTIN'! A LITTLE VIGILANTE
RAID TUH SHOOT UP THUH PLACE
AN' KILL SOME CATTLE WILL
SCARE HARBERG AWAY AN' BE
A WARNIN' TUH OTHERS!



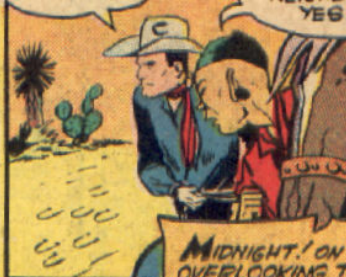
SO, JEB COLE AND HIS GUN-
RIDERS, COLD HATRED IN THEIR
HEARTS, GO BACK TO THEIR OWN
RANCH TO PREPARE FOR THEIR
MIDNIGHT TERROR. BUT—LET'S
NOT FOLLOW THEM YET. NO,
LET'S WAIT ON THAT HILL FOR
A LITTLE WHILE TO SEE...

HMMM! THESE
TRACKS ARE PRETTY
FRESH, SING-SONG.
FOUR RIDERS CAME
UP THIS HILL, WATCHED
DOWN ON US, AND
THEN TURNED RIGHT
BACK AGAIN. WHAT
DO YOU MAKE OF
IT?

ME
SUSPICIOUS,
REX. IF
FRIENDLY,
THEY COME
RIGHT DOWN
AND SAY
HELLO-HOWDY.
DO LIKE NICE
WESTERN
NEIGHBORS—
YES?

BUT THESE RIDERS
NOT BE FRIENDLY,
NO WANT WISH
GOOD LUCK OUR
FRIEND, SAM—
ONLY WANT TO
LOOK-SEE AND
RIDE AWAY!
NO GOOD!

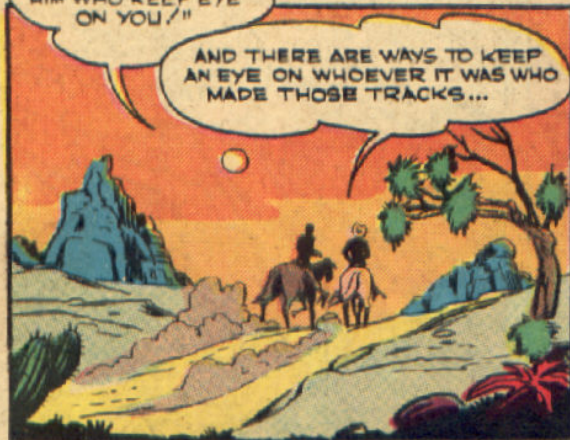
JUST
WHAT I'VE
BEEN
THINKING,
SING-SONG.
THESE MEN
WERE UP TO
NO GOOD.
THERE ARE
A LOT OF
PEOPLE IN
THESE PARTS
WHO DON'T LIKE
STRANGERS—
THEY WANT THE
COUNTRY ALL
FOR THEMSELVES.



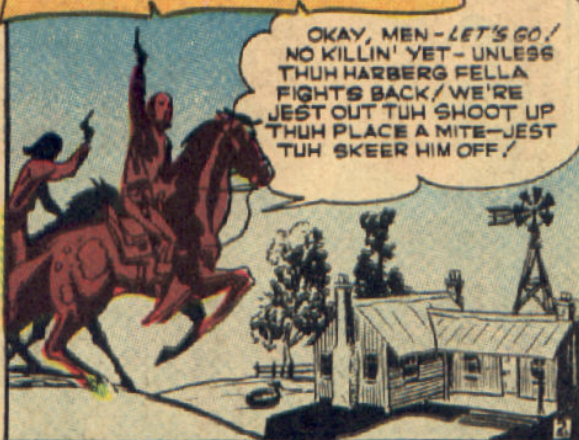
MIDNIGHT! ON THAT SAME HILL
OVERLOOKING THE HARBERG RANCH—

OLD CHINESE PROVERB
SAY: "KEEP EYE ON
HIM WHO KEEP EYE
ON YOU!"

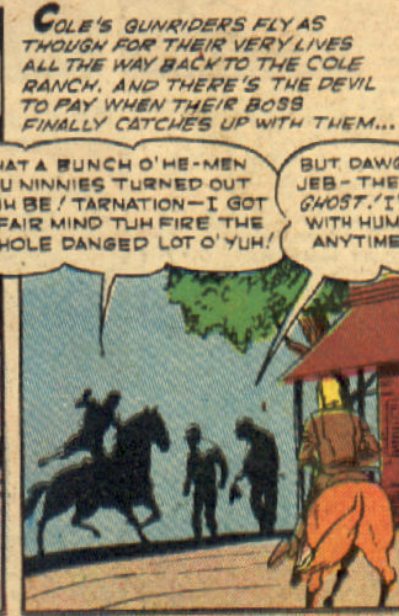
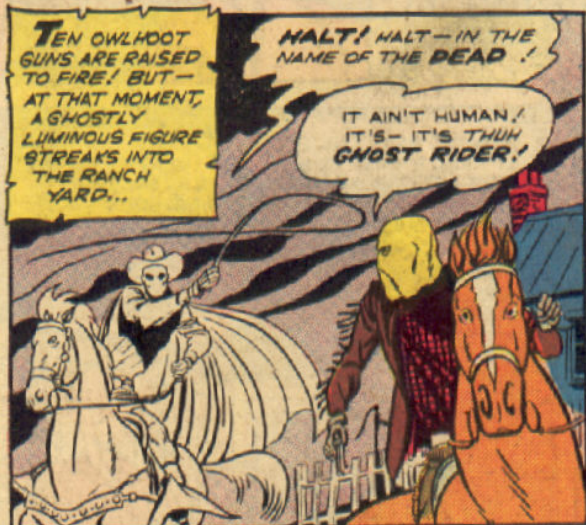
AND THERE ARE WAYS TO KEEP
AN EYE ON WHOEVER IT WAS WHO
MADE THOSE TRACKS...



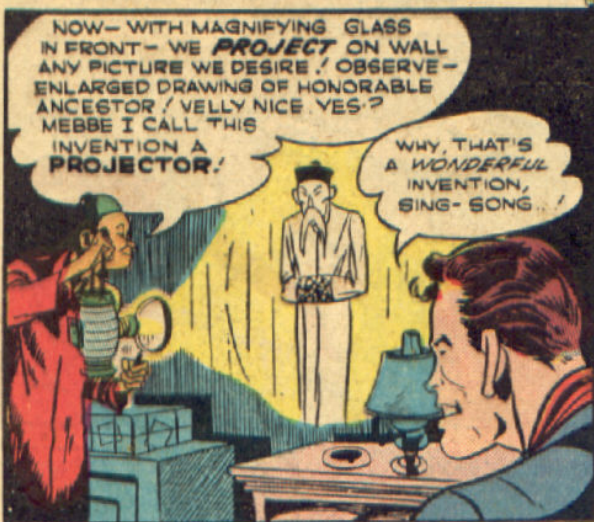
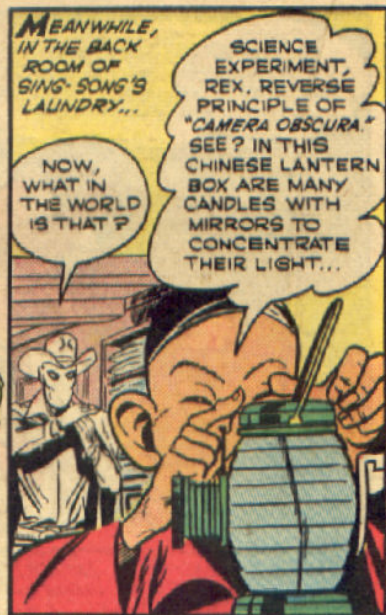
OKAY, MEN—LET'S GO!
NO KILLIN' YET—UNLESS
THUH HARBERG FELLA
FIGHTS BACK/WE'RE
JEST OUT TUH SHOOT UP
THUH PLACE A MITE—JEST
TUH SKEER HIM OFF!



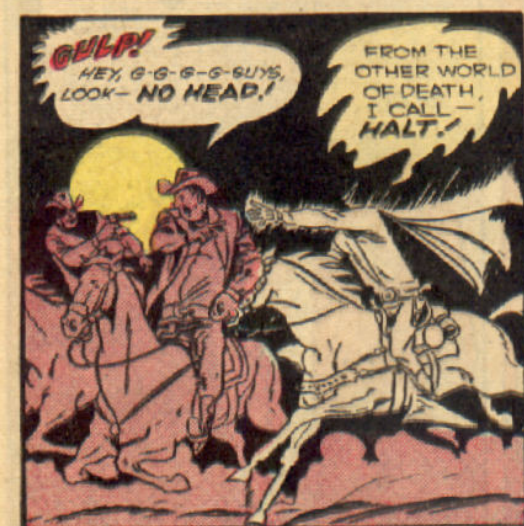
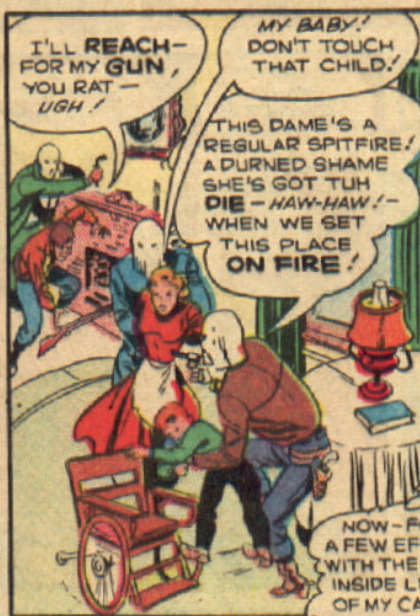
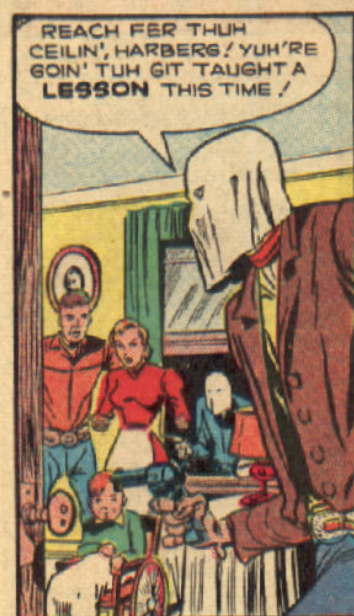
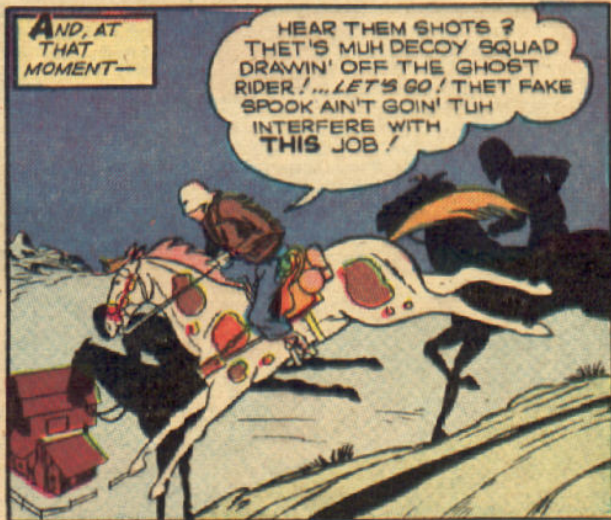
THE GHOST RIDER



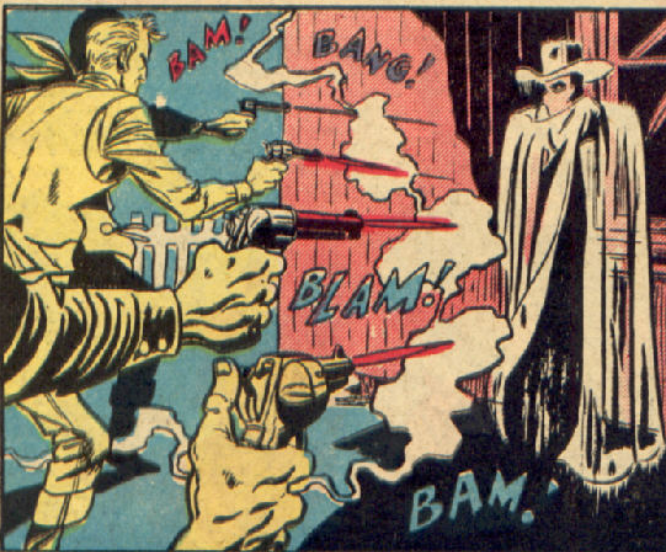
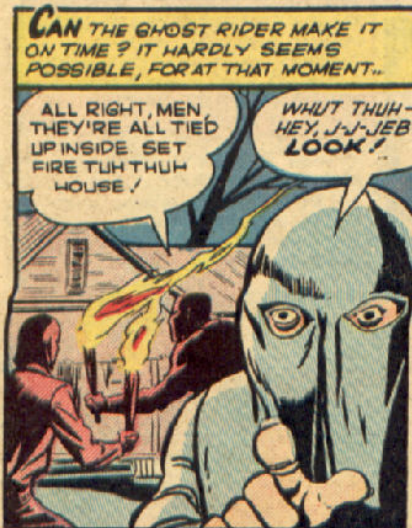
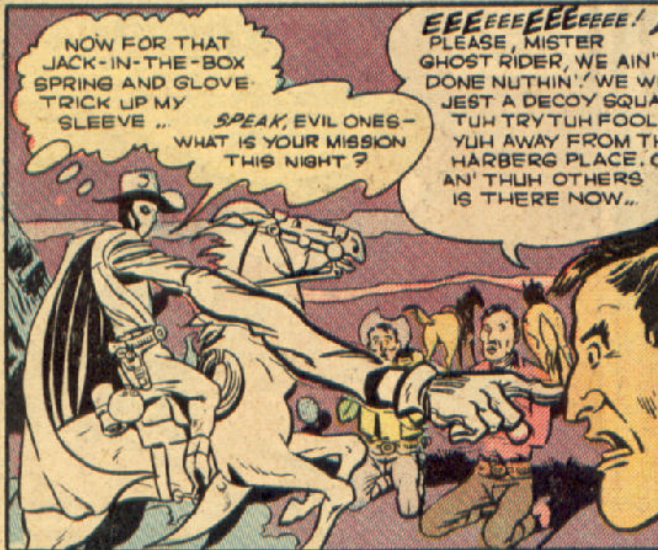
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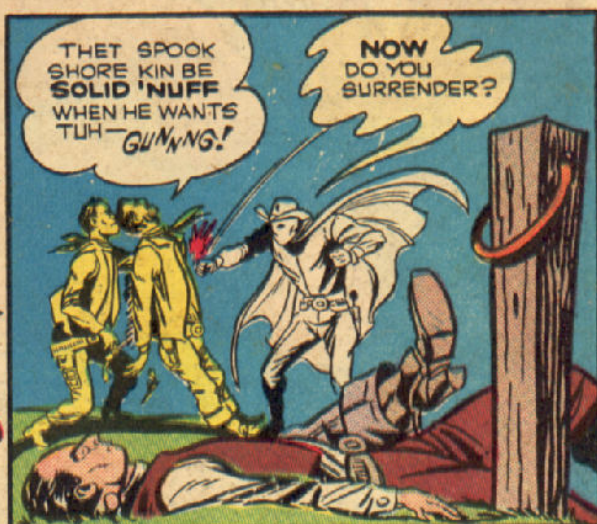
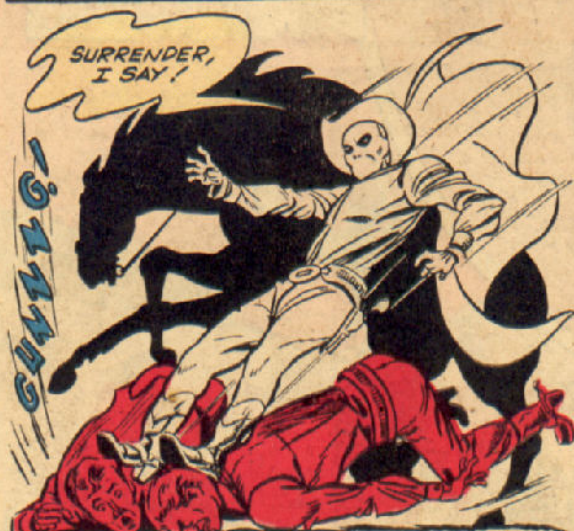
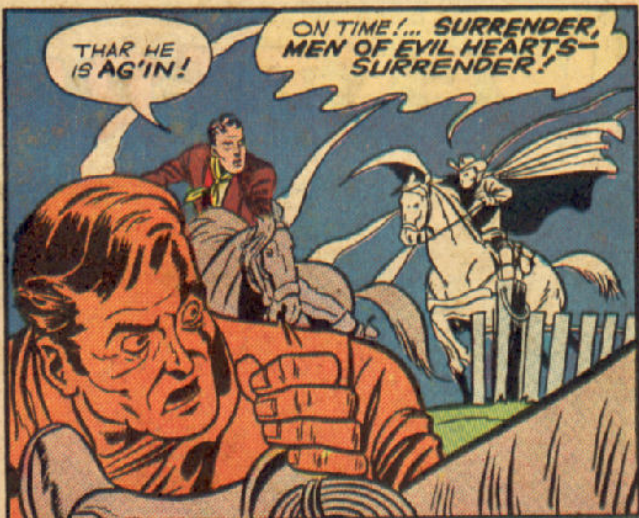
THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER



WESTERN RANGE BOOK



ONE OF THE MANY NOTABLE FEATS ATTRIBUTED TO THE FABULOUS WILD BILL HICKOK WAS HIS HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE WITH A GIGANTIC CINNAMON BEAR. ALTHOUGH NEARLY RIPPED TO PIECES, WILD BILL MANAGED TO DOWN THE MIGHTY ANIMAL WITH HIS HUNTING KNIFE...

POETRY AND HIGHWAY ROBBERY RARELY GO HAND-IN HAND — YET FROM 1875 TO 1893, ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL STAGE ROBBERS OF THE WEST SHOWERED HIS POETRY ON THE STAGES HE ROBBED! HIS NAME WAS BLACK BART HE ROBBED 27 TIMES BEFORE THE LAW CAUGHT AND SENT HIM TO PRISON, BUT IN THOSE EIGHT YEARS HE HAD STOLEN AND AMASSED A FORTUNE!



THE TURKEY VULTURE — THE SCAVENGER OF THE FAR WEST — HAS A SIX-FOOT WING SPREAD. TO SEE HIM CIRCLING HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND MEANS THAT BELOW HIM THERE IS A MAN OR AN ANIMAL NEAR DEATH... OR ALREADY DEAD!

— LARSEN

THE GHOST RIDER

THE HAUNTED HILLS

JOHNNY McKay clung to the big sandstone rock that balanced precariously on the rim of the thousand-foot drop. Below him, gleaming white in the sunlight, were the talus rocks that formed the floor of a long, narrow canyon. The sweat came out in beads on his tanned forehead. The muscles of his straining arms were loosening. His fingers began to slip.

He whispered frantically, "This is the end—unless I can get a foot on that rimrock—pull myself up over the edge!"

For a wild moment, he hung between life and death. Then his right foot swung upward, caught at a bit of red rock, and fell away. The downward swing of his foot almost jerked his fingers from their tiny hold. *One more slip like that and I'll fall*, his mind told him.

Johnny threw his leg upward. This time it caught the red sandstone rock projection and held. He used it as a lever to drag himself over the rimrock. As he moved upward, he felt something loosen in his pocket and drop out. Casting a glance behind him, Johnny saw the little, twisting, turning rabbit's foot falling toward the talus rocks.

"My lucky piece," he panted. "That means my luck's plumb run out!"

Carefully he dragged himself to safety, visibly trembling, the cold sweat beading forehead and lips. He knelt there, grasping the root of a dwarf pinon, trying to get back the cold nerve that had stood him in good stead in the past. He thrust a hand back, dragged out a red neckerchief, and mopped at his face. He stood up and walked on shaking legs away from the rimrock toward the safer width of the trail.

Johnny McKay was a young prospector. With pick and spade, he had dug a path from the rim of the Mogollons in Arizona, up beyond the Medicine Bow hills and westward into the Uintas. Now, overlooking the Red Desert in the distance, he was moving through an Indian-ridden range of hills, where legends told of scalping parties that rode the midnight winds, of lost groups of scalped mountain men loping along with fur packs slung across their shoulders and long rifles in their hands. Ghosts! Fabulous ghosts, all of them, running by night over

the land where their blood had been spilled.

A wry smile caught and twisted his mouth. "Reckon I'm prime bait fer such as them, too," he said, remembering the rabbit's foot and the four-leaf clover and the other luck symbols with which he crammed the pockets of his buckskin jacket and leggins. He was as superstitious as a redskin, Johnny McKay was. He crossed his fingers and knocked wood and never looked at the moon over his shoulder. A prospector for gold and silver needed all the luck he could hoard. Johnny McKay never spilled any of that luck.

He had been close to death back there, hunting the rim-rock for telltale signs of gold without any luck. *Luck!* The word made Johnny's lips curl. He had bought luck charms from Comanche and Kiowa medicinemen, from trading-post men, from prospectors he had met anywhere from Taos to the Milk River. He thrust a hand into his pocket, pulled out a torn four-leaf clover. It lay in two halves. A bright penny with the words **GOOD LUCK** stamped on it went rolling and bouncing, to drop over the edge of the cliff in a gleam of red sunlight.

The rabbit's foot was gone! The clover was ripped apart! The penny had disappeared! A cold chill ran up Johnny's back. It was beginning to look bad, with all his luck charms suddenly gone or ripped apart.

Darkness was throwing black paint across the rocks. He muttered, "If I was a Wasatch or Sioux Injun, I'd make tracks out of here, plumb fast. The signs are all against me!"

A Wasatch brave had told him, on the lower slopes of the Uintas, as he was preparing for his climb, "Not go there! Bad spirits! Ghosts dance devil dance in hills on night of full moon. Spirits come take living people—take them away to never-never land!" Johnny had listened with thudding heart. For a moment, back there under the pines with the beady eyes of the Wasatch brave watching him, he had let panic flood him. But he had shrugged it off. There had been gold float in the canyon far below. It looked promising. Johnny McKay would dare ghosts where there were signs of gold.

He knew that gold did not select the places where it could be found. Sometimes a man had to go into haunted hills to find it. Just the same, Johnny threw an eye upward at the silver orb of the moon rising over the rim of the horizon, as the crimson ball of the setting sun lowered beyond the jagged edges of the Uintas.

He climbed upward, tools and pack across a shoulder. He was following an old Indian path that rose at queer angles and sharp curves around the boulders near the trail. Now he could barely see the path gleaming in the moonlight as the sun sank swiftly. Darkness threw a cloak over the mountains

THE GHOST RIDER

and shed a wet mist that came and sat on the rocks and bit through his buckskin jacket.

Johnny McKay was determined to keep on. He would beat these haunted hills and the wet dampness and—the ghosts—if it took his last bit of courage! Somewhere up here close to the rimrock was the mother vein of that float he had found down below on the canyon floor.

He walked steadily for an hour. The wind moaned fitfully in the pines. Silver moonlight gleamed all around him. Here and there he caught the glow of foxfire where the low-hanging mists sheltered the rocks and their clinging shrubs. His nerves were unsteady. His hands moved restlessly. Throwing back his head, he looked up at the tree-laden hillside.

Johnny McKay halted. A bit of whiteness was up there—*moving!*

The mist and the moonlight fathered a cold spasm in his muscles. He dropped to a knee, felt for his rifle. And then, with a grim chuckle, he relaxed. The whiteness was moonlight on the broad wet leaves of a bush, caught at an odd angle.

He tramped on following the trail head down.

Suddenly there came a sound so vicious, so unearthly that his hair lifted under his coonskin cap. It whispered and moaned and shrieked. And in front of him—

"Jumpin' Jehosephat!" Johnny cried.

A man was standing on the trail. A man who was nearly naked except for Indian leggings and a strange black cross marked on his chest. His arms were upraised and his mouth was black, like some sort of bottomless pit.

"Yeeaaaagggghhhleeeeeooooo"

It was a scream of agony torn out of the silvery figure on the trail. The arms writhed, twisting. The figure took a step and then another.

Johnny felt his paralysis drop from him. His memory shouted at him. *The Wastach brave told you all about the ghosts up here! Ghosts that come for living men and take them to the never-never land!*

Johnny whirled and ran. He threw his tools one way and his rifle another. He heard the pounding, echoing beat of feet thudding along the trail after him.

He ran on, up a rocky slope, across a flat, mist-laden stretch of ground. On either side of him big boulders stood like gigantic cannonballs. As Johnny turned to go up a narrow pathway between two of the largest boulders, he felt hands catch at his shoulders. His feet went out from under him. As he fell, his head whacked hard on the stone trail.

Johnny McKay opened his eyes to hot sunlight. He lay face down on a yellowish rock that moved as he twisted upright. Memory returned—a memory of drumming feet and hands catching at him—of falling.

A lowhanging ocotilla shrub, growing from the side of the hill, had fastened its spiny branches in the fringes across the shoulders of his buckskin jacket. In the darkness, they had felt like human hands—the hands of that silvery man he had seen back yonder!

Johnny laughed in shame. "Spooked by a plant! Doggone, reckon I'm as scarey as a new-born baby!"

If the hands had been only ocotilla plants, perhaps the silvery figure—he stopped suddenly in his thinking. He bent and picked up the yellowish rock that had cradled his face during the night as he lay unconscious.

"Gold!" he whispered, staring at it. His eyes went up the rock trail, opened wide. "A thick, solid vein of gold! Great gila monsters! If I hadn't been runnin' from that ghost I'd never have seen this!"

Exultation beat in his chest. He had made a strike! A strike that would make him rich beyond his wildest wish! And he had found it after he had lost his luck charms, after everything seemed against him, after all the worst "signs" that a human could have!

Maybe, he thought, this luck business is overworked. Maybe a man is his own good or bad luck—and things like rabbit's feet and clovers have nothing to do with it!

He was walking back down the path where the silvery man had chased him last night. He heard his footsteps echoing across the rocks. He was walking in a natural bowl that reflected sound as a mirror reflects light. *He had heard the echoes of his own running feet and imagined them the running feet of the silvery man!*

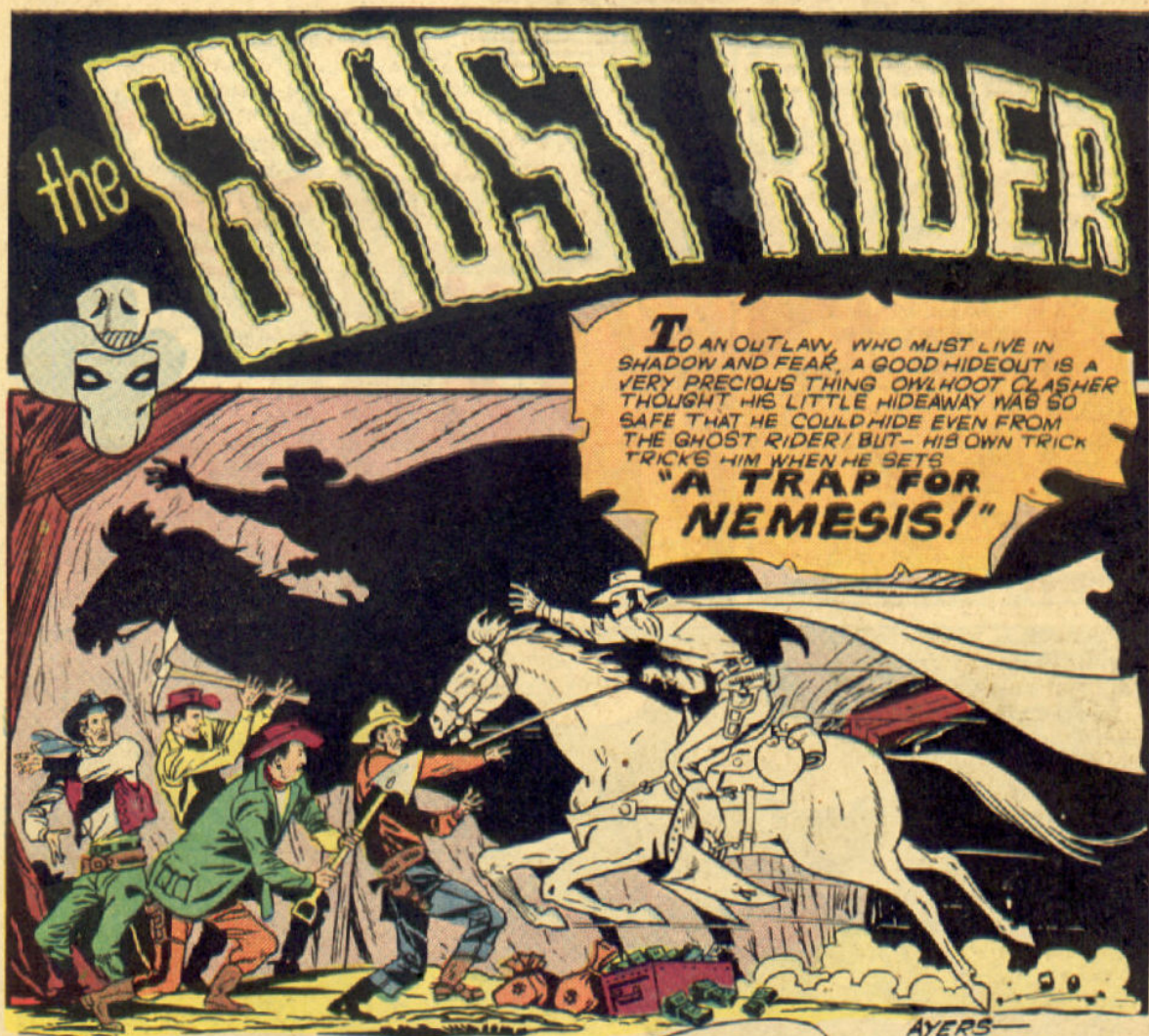
And then the last bit of superstition fell away from Johnny McKay. For he was looking at a vein of white rock, shaped like a man—that in the moonlight and the mists he had fancied lived and ran. And the screams he had heard had been the wind moaning in the rocks, as it moaned even now.

Beyond the "silvery man," the trail ended abruptly, as though a giant's knife had sliced away the stone. Below, a thousand feet, lay talus rock and boulders. If he had walked past that "silvery man" in the mists last night—he would be dead now.

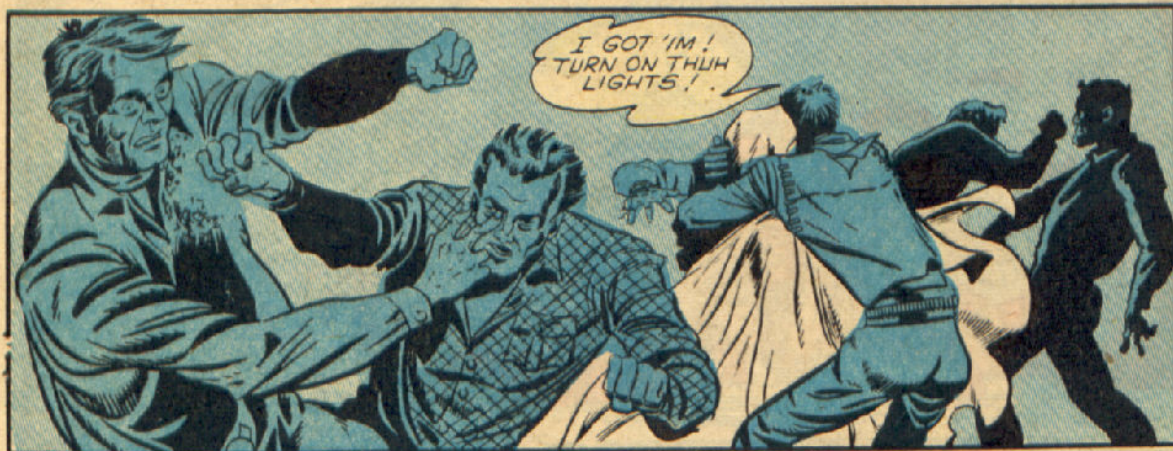
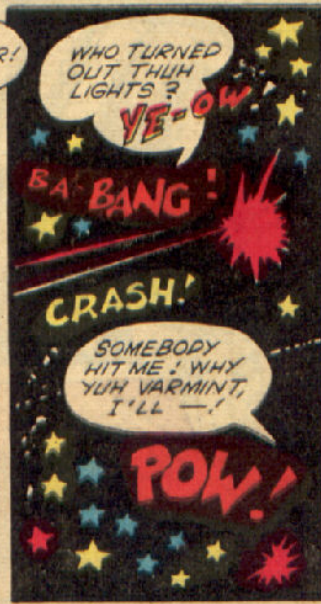
Sighing, staring up at the blue sky, and feeling how good it was to be alive, Johnny McKay said, "The next rabbit's foot I see—I'm going to throw as far away as I can!"

THE END

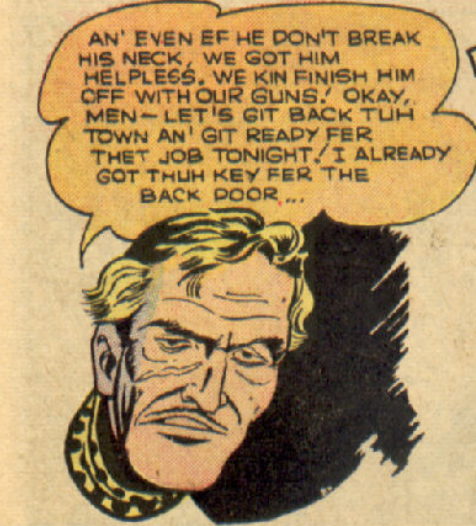
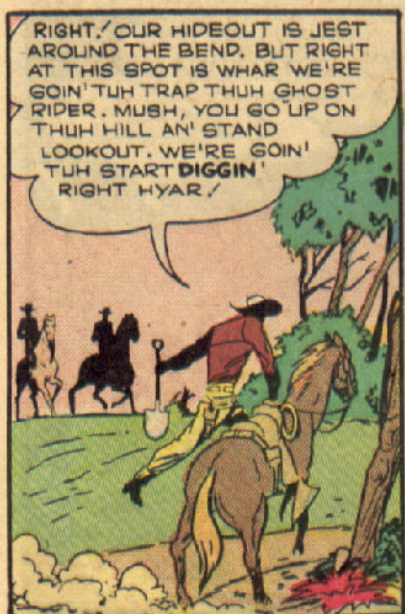
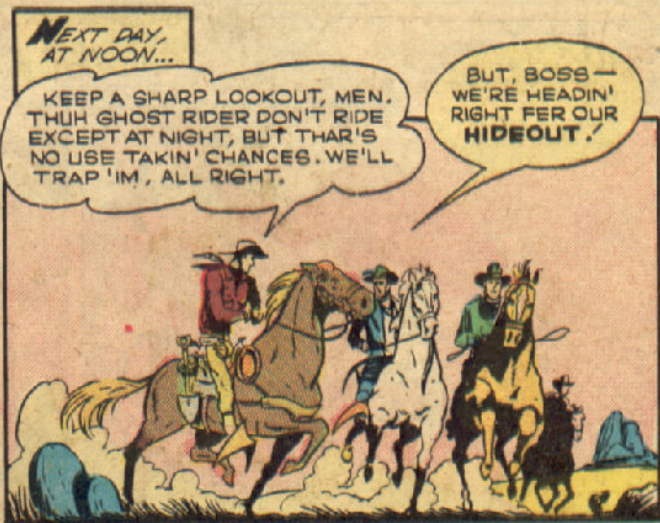
THE GHOST RIDER



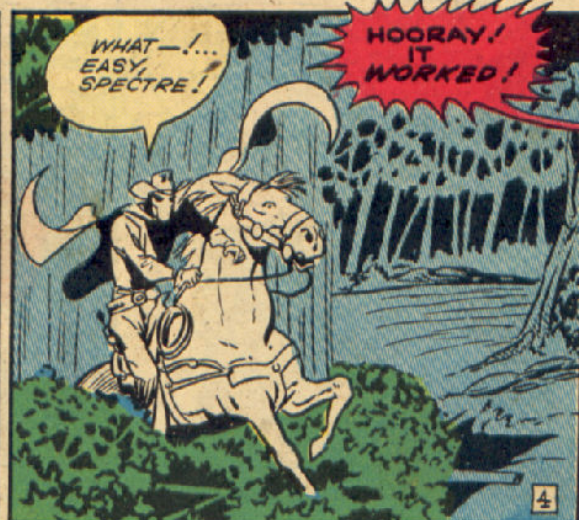
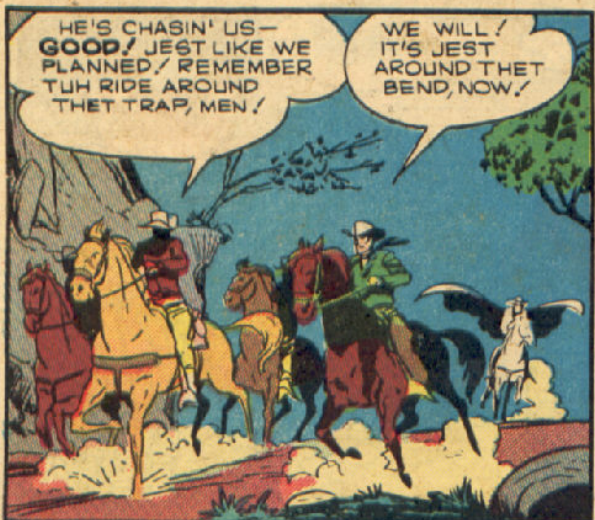
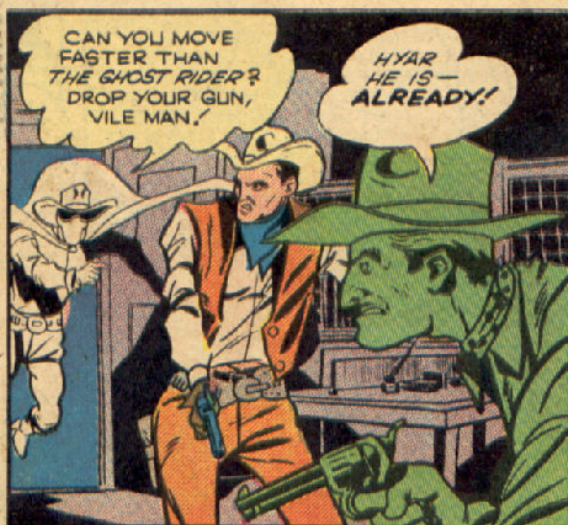
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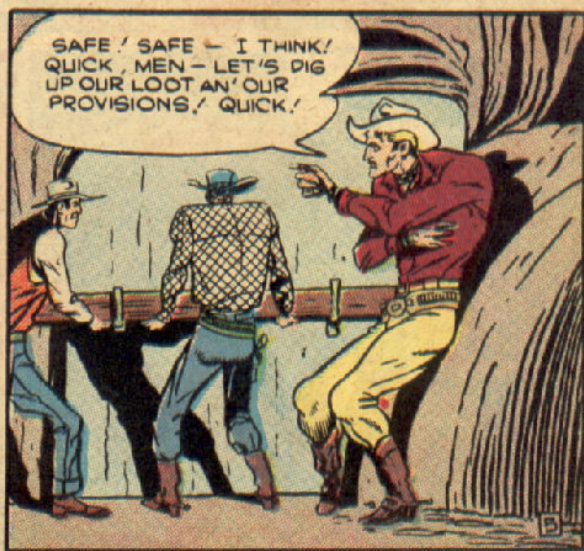
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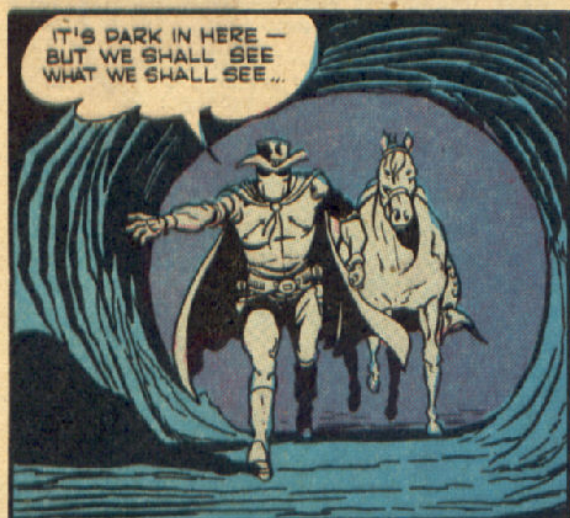
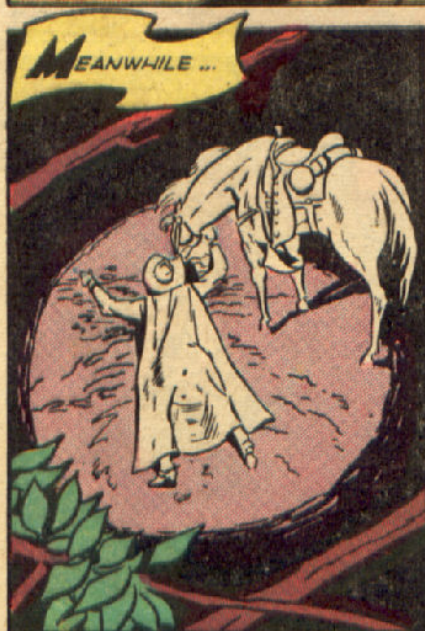
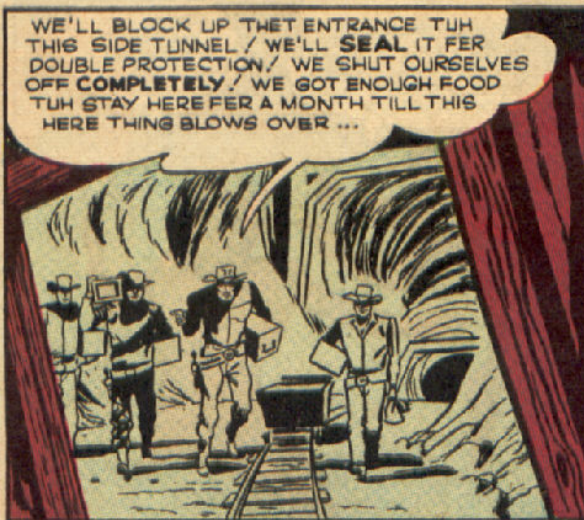
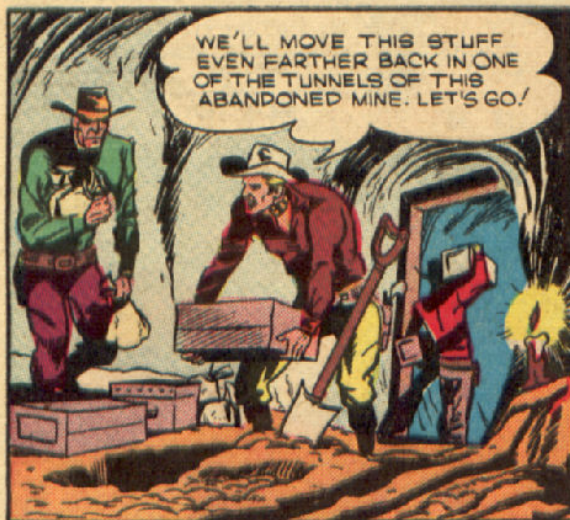
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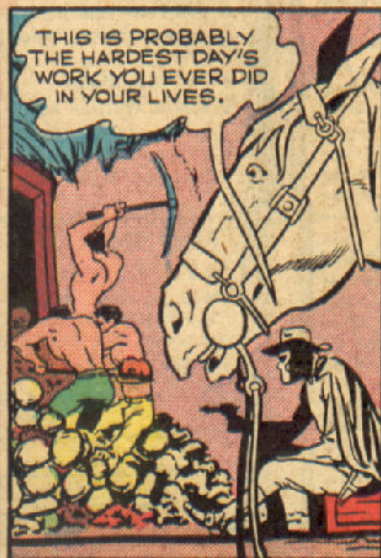
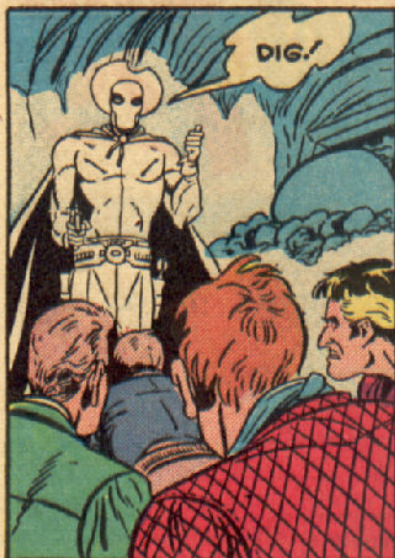
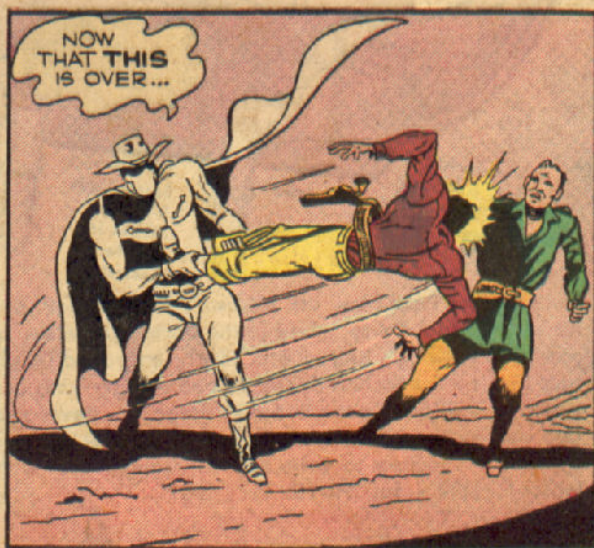
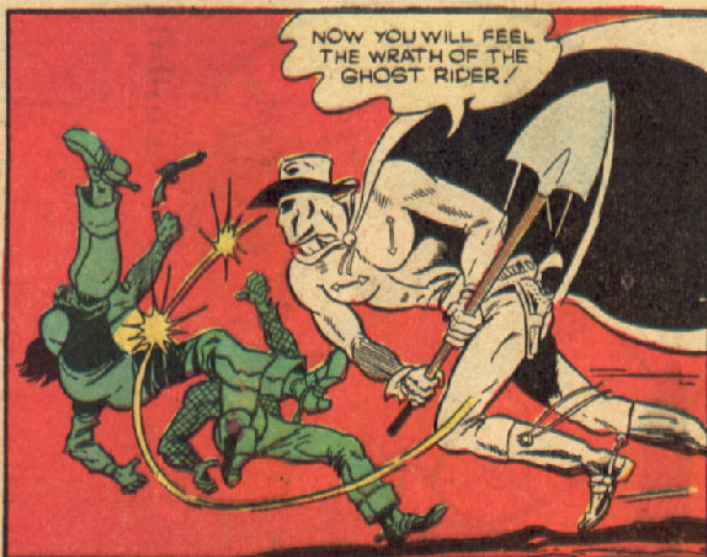
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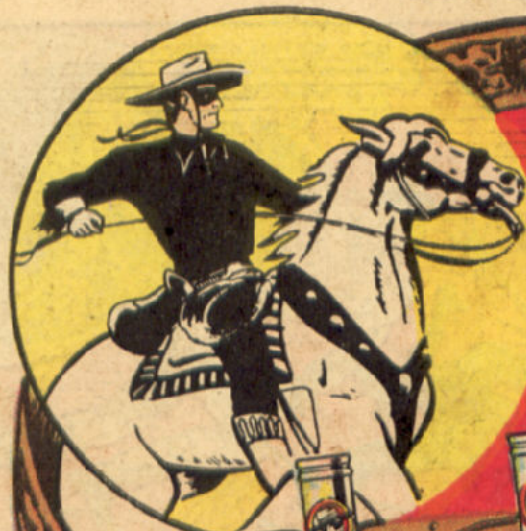
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HI-YO! KIDS! LONE RANGER'S 'Silver Bullet' BALL POINT Pen Set With Cowboy's Belt



Belt and Cartridge Holder Genuine Tooled Steerhide — Engraved Silvery Metal "Fixings!"

For Ranger's Secret Code 3-Pen Set Writes in 3 different Colors!

Lone Ranger Pal! Now use his own "Silver Bullet" pen set for his secret code! Carry safely in the cartridge holder of this real steerhide cowboy's belt — with silvery engraved longhorn buckle and fixings — all included. These Lone Ranger pens are real writing sure-nuff ball point pens in bullet shape — never need filling! Use pen with picture of the Lone Ranger to write BLUE for secret. Use pen with Silver's picture to write RED for danger. Pen with Tonto's picture writes GREEN — for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

BE FIRST TO WEAR IT!

Your crowd will envy you as first to have the LONE RANGER'S "Silver Bullet" pen set with cowboy belt. A good looker, too! Belt and cartridge holder are finest steerhide, tooled real Western style with oak-leaf pattern, and holder has engraved pictures of the Ranger, Silver and Tonto. Handsome buckle, tip and guard are engraved in simulated silver. Buckle design is real cowboy style with head and horns of wild Texas longhorn. Yet belt and "Silver Bullet" pen set complete are only \$1.98 — belt sizes are 22 to 32 — and you can try on at no cost! Read this thrilling offer!

YOUR 3 PENS WRITE



SEND NO MONEY

— Just mail coupon and on delivery pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or, to save postage, enclose \$2.00 now. Have grand fun with LONE RANGER'S "SILVER BULLET" PEN SET and the COWBOY'S BELT for 10 days. Then, if you want, just return for money back. Don't miss this super thrill. Be a real Ranger pal — and mail coupon today.

You Get

- 3 Ball Point Pens in Lone Ranger "Silver Bullet" Set
- 1 Cartridge Holder
- 1 Tooled Western Belt
- 1 Engraved Longhorn Buckle in Simulated Silver all for \$1.98

all for **\$1.98**

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45 E. 17th St., New York 13, N. Y.

Send at once your new LONE RANGER'S STEERHIDE BELT, CARTRIDGE HOLDER and "SILVER BULLET" PEN SET — complete for only \$1.98. BELT SIZE —

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.
- ☐ To save postage, I enclose \$2.00.

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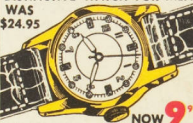
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297



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eyes flash
weirdly in semi-
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198

Save!

Save!

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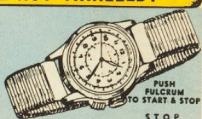
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NAME OF ARTICLE DESIRED	PRICE

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